* Jan. 20, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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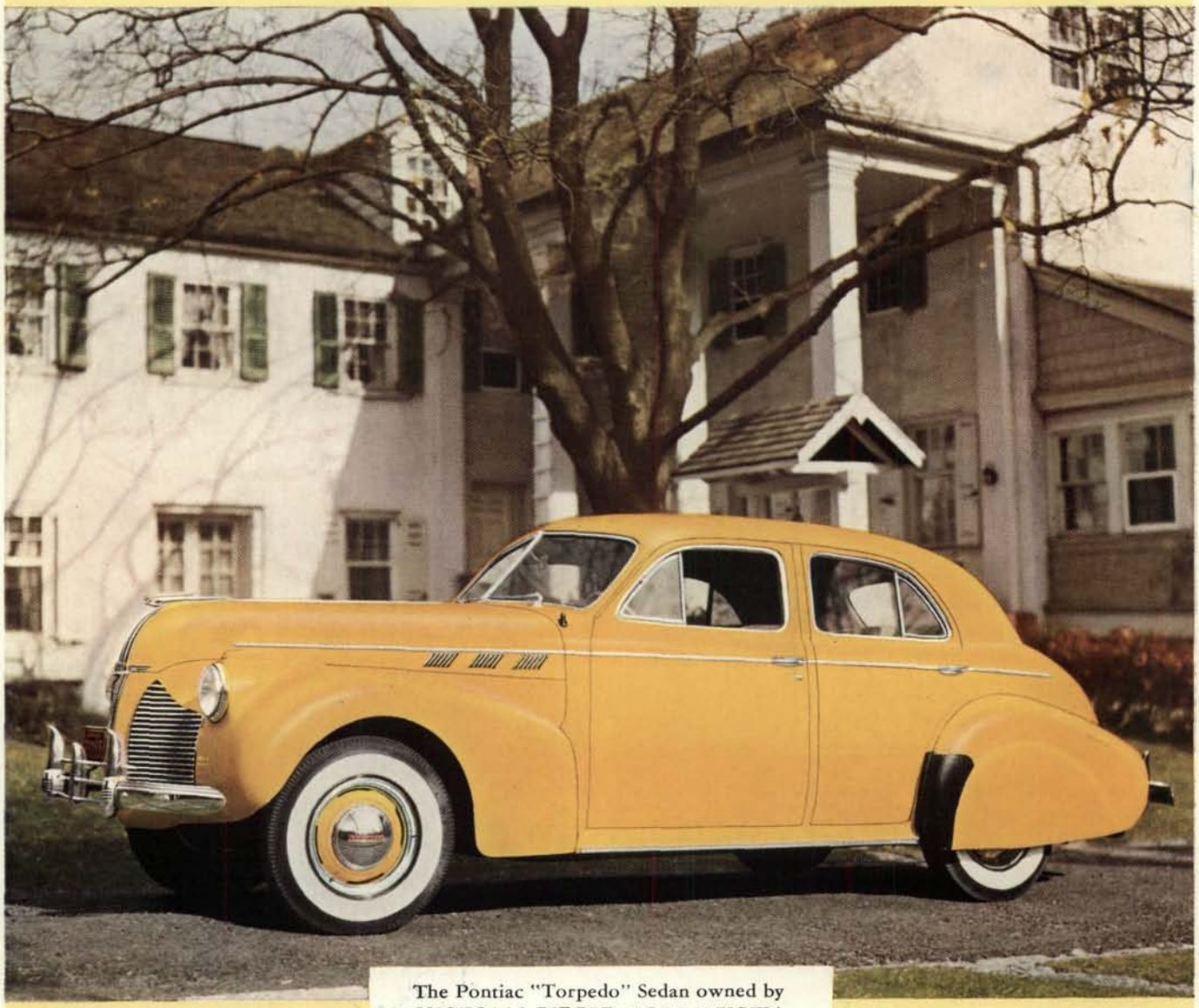
Others are New - the Pontiac "Torpedo" is Newer!



The Pontiac "Torpedo" Sedan owned by
NICHOLAS BIDDLE *of PHILADELPHIA*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY AT THE BIDDLE HOME IN HUNTINGDON VALLEY

*Illustrating "Torpedo" Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

IN THE SHORT SIXTEEN weeks since their debut, the new Pontiac "Torpedoes" have become America's most looked at, most talked about, most enthusiastically purchased 1940 cars.

Others are new—Pontiac "Torpedo" styling is *newer*—a pattern of custom individuality that carries the unmistakable hall mark of fine-car quality.

And these new Pontiacs establish a new high mark in motor car performance, as well—thrilling roadability and ride—smooth-pulsing, powerful eight-cylinder action and flexibility—combined with Pontiac's almost unbelievable economy and long life!

From the way the "Torpedoes" are moving into the hands of eager purchasers and *who* those purchasers are, it's quite apparent that these cars fill a long-felt want among families who require a superior type of motoring.

Drop into a Pontiac showroom and see and drive the car that's taken America by storm!

$1016 *and up for "Torpedo" models *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.*

THE NEW **Pontiac** "TORPEDO" EIGHT

for Pride and Performance

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Tan coming, black going—
the rich and famous blend in the new penmanship lace, flourishes of brown in front, black as ink in back.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Key Largo—Paul Muni carries a great deal of this on his capable shoulders, but Maxwell Anderson's story of the man who tries to run away from being a hero after the war in Spain is pretty darned good. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Little Foxes—The inside dealings of a family of Southern industrialists who are not bound by even family ties. A good, solid play, with Tallulah Bankhead at her best. Patricia Collinge and Frank Conroy also are in it. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy about a young professor who tries to analyze too many people and, at the same time, maintain his integrity. James Thurber's being co-author assures a certain light touch. The excellent cast includes the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—If you get around much with literary people, you will find this comedy in which Monty Woolley is supposed to be Alexander Woollcott very, very funny. You will probably find it fairly funny anyway. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 21, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Margin for Error—Clare Boothe's melodrama about the assassination of a German consul. Otto Preminger and Sam Levene make it seem a little brighter and more exciting than it really is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn shows us what she can do when she puts her mind on it in Philip Barry's very engaging comedy of love in Main Line society. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

See My Lawyer—This time George Abbott is dealing with shyster lawyers and Broadway playboys, but it is pretty much the same old farce. Milton Berle, Teddy Hart, Millard Mitchell, and Eddie Nugent are among the harder workers. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. Sat. Eves. at 9:15; other Eves. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Skylark—Miss Gertrude Lawrence's extraordinary vitality carrying along an otherwise mediocre comedy about love and the advertising business. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; also Thurs., Jan. 25.)

The Time of Your Life—William Saroyan, one of the literary enigmas of the period, has written a play about a San Francisco honky-tonk. On the whole, Mr. Saroyan is a better humorist than a metaphysician. Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon head the cast. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The World We Make—The adventures of a young lady neurotic who runs away from an institution to find her life among the tenement dwellers. With Margo, Rudolph Forster, and Herbert Rudley. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Juno and the Paycock—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play, with Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; also Thurs., Jan. 18.)

The Man Who Killed Lincoln—Richard Waring, Sam Byrd, and Whitford Kane in the Elmer Harris adaptation of the Philip Van Doren Stern book. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but also very funny, thanks to Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman. Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Pins and Needles—Mostly new material in this revue put on by garment workers, which has surprised the town and themselves by being a satirical phenomenon. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

The Streets of Paris—Bobby Clark in charge of a madhouse that has a lot in common with "Hellz-a-Poppin." The cast includes Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, and Carmen Miranda. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Too Many Girls—All about building up the football team at old Pottawatomie, but don't let that discourage you. Rodgers and Hart did the songs, George Abbott directed, and everything is very amusing and gay. Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy are a few of those you may have seen before. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 21, for the Actors' Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Two on an Island—A new play by Elmer Rice, with music by Kurt Weill. In the cast are Betty Field, Adele Longmirè, and Luther Adler. Staged by Mr. Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Mon., Jan. 22. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Young Couple Wanted—A new play by Arthur Wilmurt, with Arlene Francis and Lloyd Gough. Opens Wed., Jan. 24. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—"Old King Cole," presented by the Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre: Sat. Aft., Jan. 20, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. ST 3-6700.)

Folies Bergère—Clifford C. Fischer has put together a number of dancing-girl and vaudeville acts to make something more like a night-club floor show than a revue. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. Eves. at 7 and 9. Mats. at 3, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Alexander Haas's orchestra plays lots of Viennese waltzes in the Trianon Room, where Ramon Ramos's band turns out just as many rumbas. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10 P.M.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—George Olsen and his orchestra provide the music and double as comedians in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the nicer small spots, with Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras and the Tisdale Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The zebra has changed its stripes but is still as lively as ever. Arthur Revel's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Colorful Spanish entertainment in a nautical setting, with music by Pancho's rumba orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than as an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, as you must know by this time. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress required.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth a visit. A trio and a quintet supply the music.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Designed for the younger set, and frequented by it, too. Don de Vodi's rumba band.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dick Warren's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Richard Himber and his orchestra are playing in the Corinthian Room. Dress preferred. No dancing Mon.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Medrano and Donna will be replaced by Maurice and Cordoba on Thurs., Jan. 25, in the Persian Room. Henry King and his orchestra and Jane Pickens will stay on. Must dress if you plan to dance.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The show in the Rockefellers' big and lofty music box includes George Tapps and Morris King's and Eddie Le Baron's bands. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael entertain in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a swift-moving ice show in the stately Iridium Room, where Charles Baum's orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress, at least if you want to dance. . . . Downstairs in the Hawaiian Maisonette, you'll find Waikiki Beach, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Bob Grant's orchestra is in the Café Lounge, and there's a magician, too.

Sherry's, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan and his orchestra play for dinner dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—About the only things that ever change here are the tablecloths. Charlie Murray's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Carmen Miranda heads the bill, and there's music by Nicholas d'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Mario and Floria and Mischa Borr's orchestra are in the Sert Room. Must dress. . . . Everett Hoagland's orchestra and a most adroit pickpocket named Giovanni entertain in the Empire Room. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central

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Saks Fifth Avenue

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

OUR PIRATE PANTS

dot the Florida coast

We like them because the pockets are deep enough to hold your sunglasses, lipstick or what-have-you . . . because they're the new longer length finished off with that military neatness that reflects the martial spirit abroad . . . because they're wearable in striped spun rayon and linen with a casual little-boy shirt of matching pastels . . . or in wide wale-beige corduroy with a long-sleeved striped silk shirt. Pants, 8.95. Short-sleeved shirt in linen, 5.50. Long-sleeved silk shirt, 10.95. Sports Room—Third Floor

ALSO BEVERLY HILLS AND CHICAGO

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): gipsy music to dance to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a cozy place, with Frank Mandella's orchestra playing for those who care to dance in close quarters. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): no room to dance, but simply sitting around and listening to people like Billie Haywood and Vicente Gomez is enough; the entertainment starts at 11 P.M. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): Ray Morton's orchestra and a mite of a dance floor. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a pleasant place to drop in after a concert; it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall, but there is non-classical music by Nicolas Mathey's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Bob Crosby's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Dick Stabile's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . GLASS HAT, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Louis Prima's small and noisy orchestra playing for admirers who just sit raptly around the bar. . . . FAMOUS DOOR, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543): a big, loud band led by Woody Herman. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 141 W. 51 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but there's endless swing, with Frank Newton's orchestra as the main attraction. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967): another downtown swing centre, with Tony Sparko and his band, except Mon., and the Zutty Singleton Quartet, except Tues. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's trio.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): fun in the Mauve Decade, as Billy Rose thinks it was. . . . ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080): the old Paradise, with a new name and Leo Reisman's orchestra. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): all mighty tropical, except for the amusing eccentricities of Matty Malneck's band. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Diosa Costello and, at the supper hour, Desi Arnaz head the show. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a lively Latin show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor seems to keep everyone happy here. . . . COTTON CLUB, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Maxine Sullivan and Louis Armstrong are the mainstays of the entertainment.

HARLEM—At the SAVOY BALLROOM, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271): hot music by Ella Fitzgerald's and Erskine Hawkins' bands, but the regular customers are the real show. . . . GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380): a big new hangout of the natives, with Les Hite's and Claude Hopkins' bands (Hite will be replaced on Fri., Jan. 26, by Count Basie). Closed Mon.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

AFRICAN NEGRO—Small but interesting collection of masks and other sculptures, with two or three remarkably fine examples: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

ART OF TOMORROW, 24 E. 54—This Museum, which houses the Guggenheim collection of non-objective painting, begins a series of showings of contemporary American abstractionists with a group by Gertrude and Balcomb Greene and I. Rice Pereira. The pieces by Mrs. Greene are particularly good. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

BECKMANN—Oils, from 1936 to 1939, including a big prize-winning triptych from the San Francisco Fair, by a German who combines mystic meaning with extraordinarily solid design: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

BRACKMAN—A painter of academically glowing figures displays an unexpected aptitude for portraiture in his studies of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh and others: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

CANTINE—Paintings of Panama, technically finished though cluttery in detail, in this artist's first one-man show: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

CARROLL—Twenty new canvases by one of the more graceful of the American romantics: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

CRONBACH—Recent sculptures by a young artist with a fine sense of structure and massing: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

DANIEL—This painter's first one-man show contains vigorously handled oils and gouaches, all dealing with the American scene: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

DAVID AND INGRES—Loan show of paintings and drawings by these two great French classicists, with David, for once, outshining his rival: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

ENGRAVINGS ON GLASS—Twenty-six artists, from Dali to Sidney Waugh, did the designs and the Corning Glass Company executed them on plates, goblets, and urns. A praiseworthy if somewhat chichi attempt to bring art and industry together: Steuben Building, 718 5 Ave., at 56. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

ETNIER—Some new, brightly painted Bahamian studies liven up the effect of his more conventional Maine scenes: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

FRENCH—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: pleasant Derain landscapes in a varied showing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27. . . . VALENTINE, 16 E. 57: twelve typical portraits by Modigliani in a group that includes two interesting early pieces by Matisse and Rouault. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

GLASIER AND NORMAN—Oils by the first, deliberately dated in style but painted with good taste; subtly simplified little water colors by the second: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

GROUP—A good landscape by Alexander Brook in a collection extending from Luks and Glackens to contemporary Americans: O'Toole, 33 E. 51. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

HIGGINS—Sturdy, thoughtful water colors, as well as some drawings and etchings: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

THE HORSE IN ART—Just about everything on the subject, from a Napoleonic horse trough to contemporary paintings and sculptures, and there are some rare things among the oddities. It's a benefit for the relief of civilians in France: Room 203, 4 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

JAMES—Misty, sentimental, but highly decorative portrait heads and other studies: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

MAGNASCO—Well-selected loan show of paintings by this Italian master of baroque: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

MARIN—New oils and water colors, with oils predominating this time; all around there is a tendency to experiment: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Comparative show of heads by sculptors of all periods, chosen from the Museum's collection. Interesting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

POLISH ART—Paintings, sculptures, and prints (most of them shown at the World's Fair) by contemporary Polish artists. A benefit for Polish relief, and of interest mainly as a study in influences: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

SIPORIN—A lively sense of color and design runs through this young Chicago painter's first one-man show: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 20.

SIQUEIROS—New paintings. Done in Duco, some of them have a trick air, but a few show his true solidity and power: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

STRAVINSKY—The son of the composer shows some honest, careful, and in the main well-organized oils and gouaches: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

VAN LEYDEN—Pleasantly decorative studies in oils and other media: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big, comprehensive, and always interesting annual survey of contemporary American painting, sculpture, water colors, and black-and-whites. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 18.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: annual show of 100 prints, selected by the Society of American Etchers. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by Arthur B. Davies. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . STERNER, 9 E. 57: new sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Serge Ferat. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . ARTISTS', 33 W. 8: paintings of New Orleans by Myron Lechay. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 29. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Edmund Yaghjian. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: retrospective show of sculpture by Boris Lovet-Lorski. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: crayon drawings and pastels by Lily Smulders. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27. . . . ARDEN, 460 Park, at 57: drawings by contemporary American sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27. . . . CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: drawings by Takal, for the benefit of Les Colis de Trianon-Versailles. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

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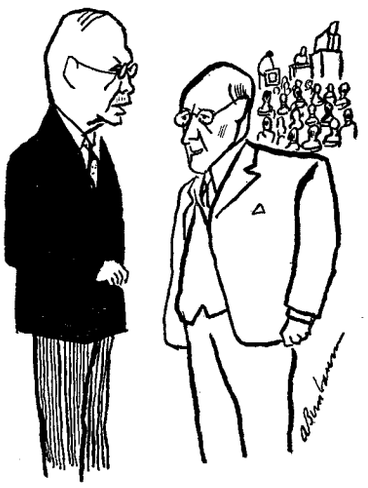

HIRAM PARKE AND OTTO BERNET,

who are this week conducting what is perhaps the most important art auction of the season, putting up for sale the entire collection of the late Clendenin J. Ryan. Parke likes hunting and fishing; Bernet does gentlemanly farming in Jersey. Parke collects Oriental rugs and Chinese porcelains; Bernet goes in for American furniture, china, and silverware. They have only one mallet between them. If two sales are going at once, Parke uses a pencil instead of a mallet.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 19, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 21, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 26, at 2:30. (Soloists: Hutcheson, Jan. 18-19; Barer, Jan. 25-26.) . . . Damrosch and Adler conducting a Czecho-Slovakian benefit concert: Wed. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:45. (Soloist: Leroux.)

Young People's Concerts, Ganz conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 20, at 11; Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Jan. 22, at 3:45.

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan

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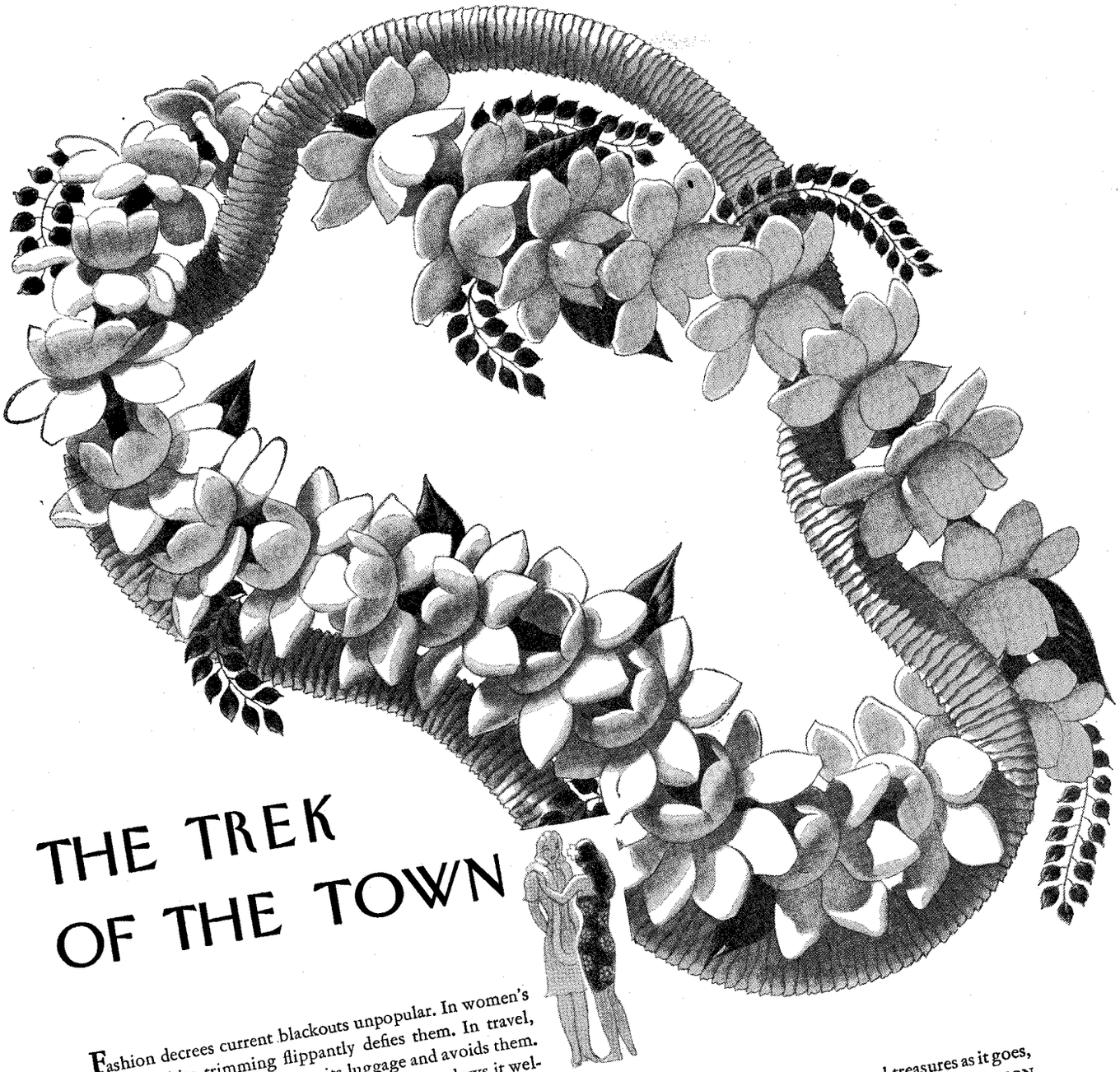

THE TREK OF THE TOWN

Fashion decrees current blackouts unpopular. In women's gowns, white trimming flippantly defies them. In travel, fashion nonchalantly picks up its luggage and avoids them. It turns to seas minus periscopes. The only shadows it welcomes are those cast by Old Glory on sunny decks, or by fluffy clouds flirting with a carefree moon.

For pyrotechnics, it prefers hibiscus blossoms and flame trees by day, and lunar rainbows in a ginger-scented valley by night. In short, Hawaii, always popular, is the winter season's prevailing mode, the flower *lei* its trademark. Hence, the trek of the town.

On American ships, the trek leads through squadrons of friendly dolphins to the sunny, breeze-cooled shores of Waikiki. Here it finds the top-flight pastimes of the world's noted resorts, plus top-flight diversions uniquely Hawaii's own. It may even indulge in a bit of languid angling in populous warm seas that yield rich reward without much effort.

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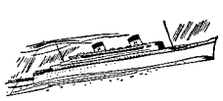

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 20 and 27, at 8. (RH 4-7690.)

New York City Symphony—Plotnikoff conducting the Music Project orchestra in the last of three Tchaikovsky concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Center Theatre (CO 5-5474), Sun. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:45. (Soloist: Lhevinne.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45. (Soloist: Serkin.)

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 27, at 3.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Lily Pons, Sat. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Beal Hober, Fri. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:40; Bach Circle of New York, Sat. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:15; New Friends of Music (Serkin, Busch, and Feuermann), Sun. Aft., Jan. 21, at 5:30; Raya Garbousova, Mon. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30; Arthur Loesser and Beryl Rubinstein, Tues. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30; Yves Tinayre, Wed. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30; Maurice Eisenberg, Fri. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:30; Alexander Kelberine, Sat. Aft., Jan. 27, at 3.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Otello," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 18; "Die Walküre," Fri. Eve., Jan. 19; "Orfeo ed Euridice," Sat. Aft., Jan. 20; "Louise" (benefit), Sat. Eve., Jan. 20; "La Traviata," Mon. Eve., Jan. 22; "Lakmé," Wed. Eve., Jan. 24; "Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 25; "Mignon" (benefit), Fri. Aft., Jan. 26; "Aïda," Fri. Eve., Jan. 26; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Jan. 27; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Jan 27. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until two days before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

The Ballet Theatre—This new company, with such choreographers as Fokine, Mordkin, and Bolm, is presenting the following programs: "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Goyescas," Thurs. Aft., Jan. 18. . . . "The Great American Goof," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Mechanical Ballet," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 18. . . . "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "Les Sylphides," Fri. Eve., Jan. 19. . . . "Giselle" and "Peter and the Wolf," Sat. Aft., Jan. 20. . . . "The Great American Goof," "Death and the Maiden," "Judgment of Paris," and "Mechanical Ballet," Sat. Eve., Jan. 20. . . . "Swan Lake," "Black Ritual," and "Voices of Spring," Mon. Eve., Jan. 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Raymond Scott Quintet," and "Peter and the Wolf," Tues. Eve., Jan. 23. . . . "Carnaval," "Dark Elegies," and "Goyescas," Wed. Eve., Jan. 24. . . . "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "Raymond Scott Quintet," Thurs. Aft., Jan. 25. . . . "Giselle" and "Raymond Scott Quintet," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 25. . . . "The Great American Goof," "Lady into Fox," and "Goyescas," Fri. Eve., Jan. 26. . . . "Swan Lake," "Lady into Fox," and "Voices of Spring," Sat. Aft., Jan. 27. . . . "Carnaval," "Black Ritual," and "The Great American Goof," Sat. Eve., Jan. 27. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:30.)

Carmalita Maracci—Assisted by her group, in a program of Spanish dances: McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116 (UN 4-3200), Sat. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Henry Armstrong vs. Pedro Montanez, for the world welterweight title, Wed. Eve., Jan. 24; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Indoor Polo—At **Squadron A Armory**, Madison at 94, at 9:30 P.M.: Rovers vs. Winmont Farms, Sat., Jan. 20; N.Y.A.C. vs. Squadron A, Sat., Jan. 27. Junior Division matches start at 8:30 P.M. . . . **Squadron C Armory**, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn: Yale vs. N.Y.A.C., Sat., Jan. 20. Junior Division match starts at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 21; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues., Jan. 23; Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Jan. 25. . . . Amateur game: Sun., Jan. 21, at 1:30 P.M.

Basketball—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: L.I.U. vs. Michigan State, and Manhattan vs. St. Joseph's, Fri., Jan. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Carnival—Sonja Henie and her company: Madison Square Garden, through Sat., Jan. 20. Eves. at 8:30.

Hound Show—A benefit for the Hunt Servants Foundation, sponsored by the National Beagle Club and the Masters of Foxhounds Association: Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Fri., Jan. 26, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Public Balls—The Polish Ball, a benefit for the Helios Foundation: at the Pierre, Fri. Eve., Jan. 19, at 9:30. . . . The Beaux-Arts Ball: at the Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 26, at 11:30. . . . The Blue Ridge Ball, a benefit for the Blue Ridge Industrial School: at the Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 26, at 9. . . . The 114th anniversary ball of the Old Guard of New York: at the Commodore, Fri. Eve., Jan. 26, at 9.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

Burton Holmes—"Around the World a Different Way," a travelogue: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30, and Mon. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2:30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Engravings and etchings, among them some by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck, from the collection of the late Clendenin J. Ryan: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:15. . . . Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century paintings by British and European masters, as well as English, French, and Italian furniture, porcelains, bronzes, silver, and Oriental rugs, from Mr. Ryan's estate: Fri., Jan. 19, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Sat. Aft., Jan. 20, at 2. . . . Early books, autograph letters, and manuscripts from the library of the late Adolph Lewisohn: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:15. . . . Eighteenth-century English furniture and silver, belonging to R. L. Skofield and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 26-27, at 2.

Note—The last day on which you can drive with your 1939 licence plates will be Wed., Jan. 31.

ON THE AIR

President Roosevelt—Addressing the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy: Fri. Eve., Jan. 19, at 10:30, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, WOR.

Metropolitan Opera—"Orfeo ed Euridice," with Thorborg and Leinsdorf: Sat. Aft., Jan. 20, at 1:55, WJZ.

March of Dimes—National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis benefit, with Connie Boswell, Bob Hope, Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Fannie Brice, Bing Crosby, and others: Sat. Eve., Jan. 20, at 11, WEAF; at 11:15, WABC, WOR.

Boxing—Henry Armstrong vs. Pedro Montanez: Wed. Eve., Jan. 24, at 10, WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . John B. Kennedy, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon. and Wed. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

Thursday—Great Singers Series, 9, WQXR. . . . Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF.

Friday—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

Saturday—Philharmonic-Symphony, Young People's concert, Ganz conducting, 11:05 A.M., WABC (also Mon. Aft. at 4). . . . Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 8:30, WOR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Molinari conducting, 10, WJZ. . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

Sunday—Perolé String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Ford Symphony, 9, WABC. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 10, WABC.

Monday—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . WOR Symphony, Berezowsky conducting, 9:30, WOR.

Tuesday—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

Wednesday—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

Entente Cordiale—Victor Francen as Edward VII in a French film of those polite old European days. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Jan. 21. . . . 55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Gone with the Wind—The first half is the best, but there are some high moments toward the end of the second part, too. You might just as well go. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—A successful, appealing film of the James Hilton story, with Robert Donat highly expert as the master in an English school. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 21-23.)

His Girl Friday—Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy in a novel, unexpected, and thoroughly funny reworking of the famous old "Front Page." (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Jan. 24.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter—A trim bit of nonsense that is one of the surprises of the moment. With Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 18-22. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 18-24.)

Jamaica Inn—The wicked Cornish coast, with its smugglers and wreckers and other sinister characters, and Charles Laughton as a brilliant villain. All directed by Alfred Hitchcock, and all a prize. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 23-25.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington—A sketch of senatorial careers, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, and the well-known Capra human touch. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 20. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Jan. 21. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 20-22.)

Ninotchka—Garbo's witty, charming comedy of a Russian envoy in prewar Paris. With a liberal array of talent which includes Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 18-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Jan. 23-27. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; from Fri., Jan. 26.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex—Gaudy, and a bore except for moments when Bette Davis injects some life in the piece. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., Jan. 18. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 18-19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 18-22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., Jan. 22-25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., Jan. 26.)

We Are Not Alone—Of an English village doctor (Paul Muni) and his tragedy. Grim, sombre, and impressive. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 18-22. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 23-25. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Sat., Jan. 23-27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 24-25.)

REVIVALS

Come and Get It (1936)—Frances Farmer, Edward Arnold, and Joel McCrea. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 24-25.)

Desire (1936)—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 18-20.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair film, with Annabella. French. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 18-20.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Mon., Jan. 22.)

Pygmalion (1938)—Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 23-25.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Thurs., Jan. 18.)

True Confession (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Jan. 18.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Jan. 22. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., Jan. 23.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting the following foreign films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), Thurs., Jan. 18. . . . "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), Fri., Jan. 19. . . . "Maedchen in Uniform" (1931), Sat., Jan. 20. . . . "Fahrmann Maria" (1936), Sun., Jan. 21. . . . "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1909), "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), "Moment Musicale" (1913), and "Father Sergius" (1917), Mon., Jan. 22. . . . "Kino-Pravda" (1922), "Kombrig-Ivanov" (1932), "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906), and "Potemkin" (1925), Tues., Jan. 23. . . . "The Cloak" (1926) and "By the Law" (1926), Wed., Jan. 24. . . . "Chess Fever" (1925) and "Mother" (1926), Thurs., Jan. 25. . . . "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Fri., Jan. 26. . . . "Arsenal" (1928), Sat., Jan. 27.

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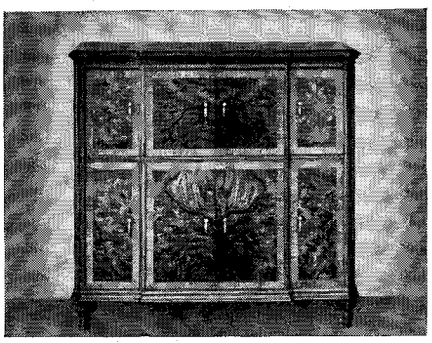

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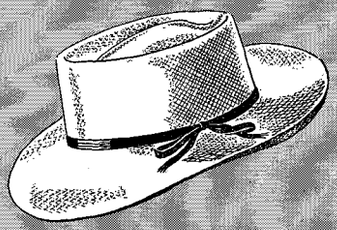

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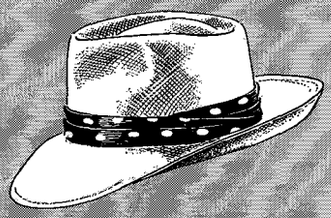
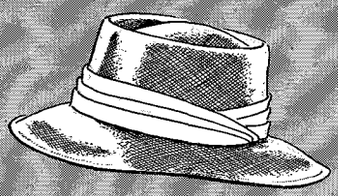
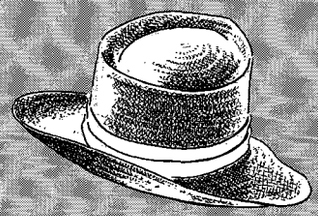


LINCOLN ROAD—Panama. New twisted weave. Colorful puggree band $10



HIALEAH—Baku. Brims down. Extremely light. Dashing. Colorful $10



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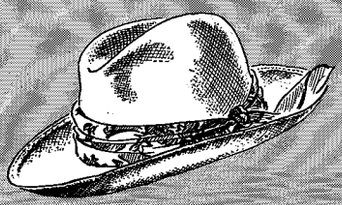

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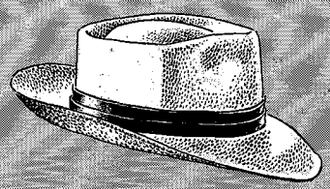

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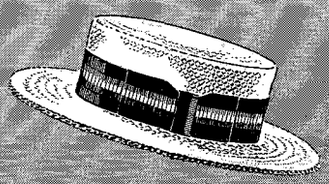

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WHERE THE AMERICAS MEET

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

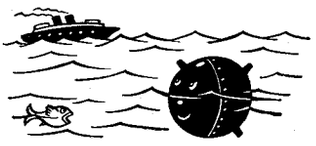
"IT is not the business of lovers of free speech to fight for liars, knaves, and spies!" wrote Miss Dorothy Thompson last week in a column getting right down to the basic principles of free speech. It is a strong argument, though a little different from Voltaire's. The opinion that Miss Thompson hates, the opinion that denies her own high belief in the dignity of a man, can only be held by knaves and liars; it has no right to ask for the protection of democratic law. The trouble is that the sentence stirs up ugly echoes. Someone else has said that the rights of knaves and liars are entitled to no protection under the law. The definition of a knave was broader in his case, including all racial and political minorities, but essentially the argument is the same. Reading Miss Thompson's column, we thought for a minute we could hear another voice, from over the sea.

DR. NOLAN D. C. LEWIS, a professor of psychiatry at Columbia, refused to treat a woman novelist who had developed a stubborn neurosis because he was afraid that a cure would destroy her genius. It is Dr. Lewis's theory that all normal people are mediocrities and that a certain jangling of the nerves is inevitable in a man of talent. Remove the psychic fear and you

also remove the precious and mysterious gift, he says, and gives the sad example of a painter who, once his mind got straightened out, was good for nothing but photography, and of a pianist who was similarly transformed into a mathematician. It seems to us that the Doctor is dealing in dangerous notions. In the first place, he is providing the creative artist with a perfect excuse for behaving exactly as badly as he pleases, certainly a foolhardy and superfluous thing to do with any of them we ever met. In the second place, he is encouraging people to remain in professions which are intolerably overcrowded as it is. If we had our way, we would establish a compulsory psychiatric clinic for men and women afflicted with genius in every borough in the city. We would turn the whole bunch of them into useful and contented mathematicians and let them start figuring out how to balance the budget.

WE haven't a great deal of confidence in Mayor LaGuardia's political future—he is too passionate, too thorny, too intolerant of the accepted skulduggeries of his trade—but in many ways he is a wonderful man. We admire especially his ingenious contention that there is no difference between Grade A and Grade B milk except the price. In denying this, the company officials have been forced into the embarrassing statement that the farmers who produce Grade A maintain higher standards of cleanliness and also pay extra attention to the health of their cows. The obvious implication here is that cows who give Grade B are not clean or healthy in any absolute sense. It is a grammatical cul-de-sac for the milkmen and, whatever happens, a forensic victory for Mr. LaGuardia. The whole controversy, of course, can only have a depressing effect on the consumer, who is driven to conclude that he is either paying seventeen cents for exactly the same milk that somebody else is buying for twelve or else drinking milk in which nobody has any particular confidence, including a bunch of second-string cows. This, however, is the traditional predicament of the consumer; it has nothing to do with the fact that the Mayor has the kind of curiosity about the science of merchandising we would like to see more often in public life.

WE have read a lot about the remarkable development of weapons in the war abroad. Magnetic mines (if we understood the stories in the



papers) lie in shallow water and go off when a metal hull passes over them. There are other mines that sink long enough to avoid the sweepers and then come up in the path of shipping. Small, deadly mines can be sown by bombers, flying far out at sea, beyond the range of the anti-aircraft guns. We sometimes wonder if such miracles as these aren't as dangerous to a peaceful spirit in this country as any emotional pressure from either side. Americans love precise and intricate machinery as it is loved nowhere else in the world. A motor at the Automobile Show turning over mysteriously and beautifully, though split right down the middle; a controlled thunderbolt, borrowed from God by Westinghouse; a little scale to weigh the light from Arcturus—these things are the real measure of our culture, the real summit of our aesthetic ambition. It is hard to imagine an American reading without envy of range-finders so accurate and quick that they can plot the position of a plane flying 260 miles an hour, 20,000 feet up, or a diaphragm so sensitive that it can pick up the breathing of a submarine on the floor of the English Channel. There is nothing bloodthirsty about our preoccupation with these devices. It is the pure interest of a scientist in the lat-

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est developments in his special field. Very few of us have any wish to blow anybody up, except theoretically, but there is hardly one of us who wouldn't like to get his fingers on all those dials and levers, just to see if they'll really work as advertised.

Memory of Whalen

MOST of us haven't thought about the World's Fair for months, but we know one New York family which is reminded of it every day. The small daughter of the house was taken to the Fair several times, and learned that the family bathroom should be called the comfort station.

The Major

THE war commentaries of Major George Fielding Eliot are so widely circulated these days, what with his articles in the *Herald Tribune* and *Life*, his lectures, his radio program, and his books, that a little commentary on the Major himself seems to be in order. Major Eliot is a pleasant gentleman in his middle forties, well respected by journalists because he combines a fair amount of knowledge with a fluent, concise style of writing. One of his favorite predictions—that Germany would start mass aerial attacks against England this spring—recently received a sort of official backing up when the British Ambassador, Lord Lothian, said much the same thing in a speech he made in Chicago. The Major's title was earned during ten years' service with the Military Intelligence Reserve, from 1922 to 1932. In time of peace, this branch of the service spends its annual two weeks' training period doing publicity work—sending out stories and statistics to the newspapers, and seeing that the newsreel men get plenty of good pictures of cannon. The practice of retaining a title after one's commission has lapsed is not uncommon, we gather, and Major Eliot has never made any secret of his true status.

Though Major Eliot has never been on the active army list in this country, he saw service from August, 1914, to November, 1918, with the Australian Imperial Force, the equivalent of our A.E.F. He was born in Brooklyn, but his family moved to Melbourne, Australia, when he was eight. When the World War started, Eliot had just graduated from the university there. His training in the school cadet corps won him a second lieutenant's commission, and he soon was promoted to the rank of captain. He was gassed once, and nicked twice, in hand-to-hand fighting, but refuses to say anything about medals or citations. "I simply won't discuss them," he told us. He doesn't seem to consider it remarkable to have survived four years of active warfare, merely remarking that lots of Australians did it.

After the war, Eliot returned to the United States, went to Kansas City (for some reason or other), and set up as an accountant, a profession for which he had trained before the war. As a sideline, he began writing war stories for various pulp magazines. This turned out so well that after several years he dropped accounting altogether. In 1928 he came to New York and has been here ever since. Just out of love for serious non-fiction, he began doing articles for such publications as the *Infantry Journal* and *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*. Curiously enough, it was one of these pieces which was, indirectly, the cause of his getting married. It was read by the captain of a United States battleship at Norfolk, Virginia, who liked it so well that he asked Major Eliot to visit him, and it was on the steamer going down there that he met his future wife. Eliot's first book, "If War Comes," written with Major R. Ernest Dupuy, coincided with the first omens of war in Europe, and he then graduated from the technical journals to popular magazines and newspapers. He's not the least bit apologetic about having allowed his commission in the Military Intelligence Reserve to lapse. "If we get into the war, they'll find something for me to do," he says. He's all for our staying out, but thinks that if Germany and Russia got together to attack all of Scandinavia, our sympathies might bring us in.

Major Eliot has been wrong in his prophecies (as when he predicted that the Polish army would make an effective stand against the Nazis) and wrong in his technical details (as when he built up an argument based on his mistaken idea that a submarine periscope leaves a visible wake), but he is said to have sources not open to the run of journalists. He gets sore at naïve reporting, and was torn between tears and laughter at a recent feature story which said that Viscount Gort, the Commander in Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, was known as "The Tiger." Gort's nickname, in general use among his subordinates, is "Fat Boy," the Major told us.

Rules

A LADY visitor to the Picasso exhibition at the Modern Museum got taken with the giggles in front of the work entitled "Seated Woman." Finally regaining her composure and wiping her eyes, she said to an attendant, "Well, can you tell me where the woman *is* in this picture? Where's her head?" "I'm sorry, Madam," the fellow said, courteously, "but we are not allowed to give out any information."

Prepared

THE Department of Sanitation, in the matter of snow removal, seems to be as nonchalantly capable as Dewey on the trail of a racketeer. Its idea is to keep one step ahead of nature, and to be ready for anything that might happen. The nerve centre of the Department's snow-removal organization is the office of Assistant to Commissioner Edward C. Nugent, down at 125 Worth Street. Reports are regularly received here twice a day from the local weather bureau; when there's a forecast of snow, the reports come every hour. The minute snow actually begins to fall in New York, the Sanitation Department gets busy; there are clerks on duty day and night. When a snowfall starts, a clerk telephones Commissioner William F. Carey, the head of the Department, and all his assistants, and they hurry right down to Worth Street. Like firemen, they'd rather be called on too soon than too late. Any snowfall may be the beginning of a horror like that of January 19, 1936, when eight inches of snow fell, followed by almost a month of freezing weather. That winter one of the deputy commissioners collapsed from overwork, and Commissioner Thomas W. Hammond resigned, broken in health, and died a few months later.

For the last three winters, the Department has used teletypes for communications between headquarters and the sixty-five municipal garages where equipment is stored. They were first used this season on the night of January 8th, when snow began to fall shortly after midnight. The Commissioner and his assistants had gathered by one o'clock,

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"Well, well, Sanford! Congratulations!"

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and at 1:25 A.M., since the storm showed no signs of letting up, the first order went out over the teletype: "WARM UP THE BROOMS. NOTIFY MEN TO REPORT TO THEM AT ONCE. EDWARD C. NUGENT." This order referred only to the regular night force, which would ordinarily be working on collection and other sanitary errands. At 2 A.M. another order was promulgated: "SEND OUT BROOMS ON EXPRESS HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES AT ONCE." At 4:30, when the storm showed definite signs of petering out, there was a third order: "RELEASE ALL MEN WHO HAVE REPORTED EXCEPT THOSE OPERATING SNOW BROOMS." And at 6:22, just before Nugent went home to bed, he sent out the final instructions: "CONTINUE BROOMS ON BRIDGES AND EXPRESS HIGHWAYS IF REQUIRED. ASSIGN SAND SPREADERS AND TRUCKS SPREADING SAND WHERE NECESSARY," etc. By the time you got out of bed and saw snow on your window sill, the storm, which had amounted to just one inch of snow, was a matter of history as far as the Department was concerned.

If the storm had continued, the snow brooms would have been supplemented by ploughs, manned by the second line of defence, called the A Organization—the entire night force and the day men who live conveniently near the municipal garages. All the Department's heavy equipment—street-flushers, dump trucks, etc.—can of course be fitted out with ploughs in a trice. If things had got even worse, the B Organization, consisting of all the day men and all men on regular collection duty, would have been put out with more ploughs and snow-loaders, to pick up snow and dump it into the river. This would have meant that the entire manpower of the Department—about 12,500—was clearing the streets, using 2,350 pieces of snow-fighting equipment. If the snowfall had threatened to go above four inches, the Police Department would have been notified that some squads of part-time la-

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"I doubt if you'll find it there, Ma'am."

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borers registered with the Department of Sanitation were needed. Most of these laborers lack telephones, so their names and addresses are given out by police radio to the nearest prowl cars, and the cops wake them up. Altogether, the Department of Sanitation can muster 44,000 men.

Pedigree

NEW ENGLAND stories are so delicate that it's best to tell them with no attempt at embellishment. We shall simply report, then, that in the Peabody Museum, in Salem, Massachusetts, there is a snake bottled in alcohol, with this label: "Copperhead, small, born in captivity in Essex County of parents from Milton, Mass."

Prissiadka, with Taps

WHEN we last counted, there were two men in town with the distinction of having been selected by the great Pavlova as dancing partner for one of her American tours. One of them you undoubtedly know all about: Mikhail Mordkin, who assisted at her first American appearance, in 1910, and who, during the past couple of years, has been appearing with his own group, the Mordkin Ballet. The other is Simeon Karavaeff, who was her partner during her American tour of 1921-22. You might possibly have seen Karavaeff without realizing his illustrious past; for the last five years he has been master of ceremonies (with a Russian accent) and featured dancer at the Russian Kretchma, on East Fourteenth Street. There he dances in a style peculiarly his own, a combination of Russian dancing and buck and wing. He's the only man on God's earth who can do taps from the Russian squatting position, which is properly called *prissiadka*. This sounds as if it might be exhausting to watch, but it isn't. A Karavaeff fan dragged us downtown the other night to have a look at him, and we had a fine time.

A little blown from *prissiadka*, Karavaeff sat down with us after the supper show and told us about his past. He's now forty-one, a handsome fellow with classic features and blue eyes. He was born in St. Petersburg, and his father died when young Simeon was three. His mother was a seamstress, and the family didn't have much money. When Simeon was eight years old, he was dancing in the teahouses of St. Petersburg. The patrons threw him the prewar Russian equivalent of pennies, which he took home to his mother. Before he was in his teens he started touring the country with itinerant troupes of entertainers. When he was fifteen, he had picked up enough tap-dancing to be able to perform publicly, but never thought of combining it with peasant dancing. That came later, after the Pavlova tour.

Pavlova saw the young man dance in London in 1920 and signed him up right away. Simeon came over and brought his wife, Eudoxia, whom he had married in 1917. After the tour, Karavaeff went into the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1923." He used to come to the theatre for an hour's practice before the show, and one day, just out of high spirits, he went into a squat and did a few taps. Realizing that, in theatrical parlance, he "had something," he kept practicing his new art form, and at the close of the "Follies" went into vaudeville with it. Then he was in several revues, more or less successful, and after a European tour, he settled down at the Kretchma. The Karavaeffs live in Bayside, and have a sixteen-year-old daughter, Marina, who is studying ballet with Vecheslav Swoboda. Every afternoon her father drives her to school in his Buick, and then goes on down to the Kretchma. She goes home on the train, because her father doesn't pull in until four in the morning, and that's too long to hang around. Everything considered, it's a strange life for three Russians.

The winter day, eight years ago, that Pavlova died at The Hague, Karavaeff was appearing in a vaudeville house in Detroit. He heard the news just before he went on for the matinée performance and broke his ankle during his first dance.

Chaos

HERALD SQUARE is pretty lively these days, with the digging of the new Sixth Avenue subway added to its usual confusion. It made a forcible impression on one old lady, who was overheard murmuring, as she watched a construction crew dodging in and out of traffic with tools and lengths of tim-

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ber, "Don't tell *me* they know what they're doing!"

Fine Careless Rapture

BEFORE the Columbia Broadcasting System's European commentators go on the air each evening, there's a brief period, five to ten minutes long, when Paul White, C.B.S.'s Director of Public Affairs, chats informally, and privately, with his men in London and Paris. This is made possible, as are the subsequent broadcasts, by means of what radio technicians call a cue channel, a two-way short-wave hookup which Mr. White arranged when he was in Europe last summer, making plans in anticipation of future events. The cue channel, moreover, enables him, by some magic unfathomable to us, to converse with England and France simultaneously. We dropped in on him the other evening at 6:30 P.M., fifteen minutes before program time. Mr. White told us that he is no longer thrilled by the idea, or execution, of transatlantic conversations. "For me," he said, "there's none of that fine careless rapture any more." Perhaps his favorite conversation so far, he told us, was one with Edward R. Murrow, C.B.S.'s London man, to whose wife Mrs. White had written, unbeknownst to Mr. White, requesting a special kind of British yarn to use for the neck of an unfinished sweater she was knitting as a surprise Christmas present for her husband. "About your wife's yarn," said Murrow suddenly one evening, startling his boss. "What?" said White. "Can't get it," said Murrow. "My wife's been to five shops, and they all said they couldn't deliver any more till after the war." Must have bothered any Nazi spies on the cue channel.

Mr. White has a bullet-shaped microphone on his desk, through which he talks; the correspondents' voices come to him through an amplifier on his wall. He threw a switch and we heard Murrow in London, saying, "There were more planes over the British coast today than at any time since the war began." "He's testing," said Mr. White. "I say—I say!" cried a very British voice, which, Mr. White explained, belonged to an engineer in the British Post Office. He was also testing. A C.B.S. man rushed into the room and said, "Helsinki's pretty good, but a little swishy." White nodded. London went on, with the B.P.O. voice chanting "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," over and over again. Another C.B.S. man darted in and said excitedly, "The speaker in Paris hasn't showed up at the studio yet." "That's all right," said White. "We've got lots of time."

Next, White leaned toward his mike and said, without raising his voice, "Hello, C.B.S. in London." London answered, and then Paris, represented by Eric Sevareid. He was sore. "They've cut fifty per cent off my broadcast in the most unjustifiable manner!" he said. "By God, that ought to be explained!" "Is it emaciated?" asked White. "Just about ruined," said Sevareid. Murrow broke in to say he could take over for Sevareid for a few minutes; Sevareid decided, on second thought, that his shredded script was good for two or three minutes. Mr. White talked business for a while—about Murrow's going to Amsterdam, about modulation centres, about remote points, about the schedule for the next week. Then he asked us if we'd like to say a word. We nodded eagerly. "*New Yorker* calling," he said. We restrained a nervous impulse to inquire about the weather over there (not allowed: might give information to the enemy), and asked Murrow in London, probably shouting a little, if he was able to get adequate supplies of French wines. "No difficulty at all," he answered cheerfully. "I haven't had any trouble getting all I want." White laughed. "How about you, Paris?" we asked. "Plenty of British whiskeys?" "Plenty of whiskeys," said Sevareid, "but not enough brandies." Murrow broke in again. "Right there you probably have the tastes of Columbia's foreign correspondents," he said, as chattily as if we'd been next to him at a bar. Mr. White took the mike away from us then, and we sank back to reflect on our international scoop.

Code of Honor

WE'RE told that S. N. Behrman, the playwright, was at a formal party the other evening and decided comparatively early that he wanted to go home. He was deterred from leaving, however, by the presence beside the only exit of the guest of honor, an important and dynamic gentleman who had been posted there at the start of the party to meet the incoming guests and had tactlessly remained at the spot. Behrman complained about the situation to several people and then announced he was leaving regardless. "I'll try to slip by," he said, "but if he does see me, I'll scuttle myself."

"About your raise, Foster—you'll be glad to know that we've put a definite call-up on it for this time next year."

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"After all, Roderick, I figure we're put here on earth for some very good reason."

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POOR MONSIEUR PANALITUS

THE man who rented the little hotel down the mountain road was called Monsieur Panalitus, and he might have been a Greek or a Pole, or perhaps a Russian. Although he had been there several years, nobody quite knew what he was. To the peasants he was scarcely more foreign than the French who came from Annecy, or Lyons, or Paris. The country people had the same name for all outsiders: they were the foreigner, the stranger, no matter what tongue they spoke. He was a youngish man, perhaps thirty-five, with a plump, waxen face and crimpy dark hair. He would have looked very well carrying imitation Eastern rugs over one shoulder and a few long strings of artificial pearls displayed the length of his arm and hand, roving among the café tables of Paris or Marseilles boulevards and trying to strike a bargain with the people seated drinking. He wore a city overcoat and city shoes even in this high mountain place, and he bowed suavely right and left to the people he knew on the road or in the village. It seemed he had no intimates here, no love, no ties, no one who knew him well, not even a room to sleep in. He had set a divan up in the hotel office and, to have an extra bedroom free for the skiers and the summer vacationists who came, or to watch the cashbox better, he slept there by the desk.

But there was one thing good about him—his way with dogs and children. He would have time to cross the road and play on the big, easy slope of short mountain grass with a dog or a child all morning. Then, about noon, he would run into the hotel and get his market bag and go down the rocky, rutted road to town. He was a good housewife, picking out all the vegetables by hand, weighing cabbages and cauliflowers in his palm until he found the heaviest and firmest. He would lean over the baskets, with his gloves on, and pinch the heads of lettuce to see if the hearts lay crisp and solid in them, or unbutton one glove and remove it, stooping to scrape a potato's skin with his nail to see the quality of the meat inside. Then he would carry the best things up the hill in his market bag, a loaf of brown bread under one arm and the hotel letters in his other hand.

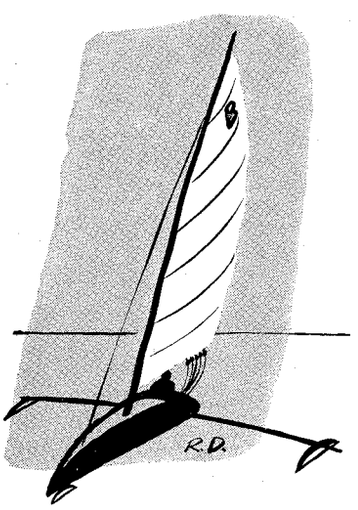
That is, until the day war was declared, and then something happened to him. The hotel guests had gone on the first day of mobilization, the servants had been dismissed, and Monsieur Panalitus did not come out and play with the dogs or the children any more on the sloping grass on the other side of the road. He let the weeds grow tall in the little cement pool he had made one summer to keep the trout and crayfish in for the hotel dinners, and for a while he did not even go to market.

Once he came out, about the middle of September, because Jean-Marie Corageoud, who was four and the washerwoman's son, had escaped from home and come up the hill alone to see if there were any fish left in the pool. Monsieur Panalitus opened the front door, as if he had been there all morning watching behind it, and stepped out into the sunshine with his blue housewife's apron tied around his waist. The little boy was standing up on the cement edge and holding onto the tall weeds with his hands to keep his balance.

"No fish left, Jean-Marie," Monsieur Panalitus said. He crossed over the square of gravel. "And no crayfish and no guests left," he said in his heavy, strange French. He kneeled down by the little boy. "Nothing left," he said. "Poor Monsieur Panalitus is all alone now."

"Poor Monsieur Panalitus," Jean-Marie said, stumbling a little over the name. He was a handsome boy with bright, parted lips and lashes as black as tar. "If I had a stick," he said, looking down through the weeds to the water for some stir of quick, scaled, furtive life.

"Little fishies all gone, Jean-Marie," Monsieur Panalitus murmured. "Everything's gone. The nice new hotel Monsieur Panalitus was going to build next year can't be built now. Poor Monsieur Panalitus had put all his money so carefully, so terribly carefully away so he could build a great big fine hotel with running water in every room, and now he can't do it. No more men left to build the big hotel for Monsieur Panalitus," he said. "They've all been taken for the war."



"My father's gone to the war," Jean-Marie said, and he leaned so far over the weeds and water that if Monsieur Panalitus had not put one arm around him, the boy might have fallen in.

"Yes," said Monsieur Panalitus. "All the carpenters and masons, and even the architect who made the nice pictures of Monsieur Panalitus's hotel for him. Everybody's gone."

The dark eyes seemed ready to melt in grief, and Jean-Marie turned his sweet, flushed face away from the water and looked in what might have been tenderness at the man.

"You haven't gone," he said, using the "thou" to him. "You haven't gone to war."

AS if this had been the clarion call to the village instead of the small voice of a child saying it, those who had sat still at home before and merely wondered began speaking of it on the street, saying it among themselves when they saw Monsieur Panalitus slipping down the road toward nightfall for his letters.

"So Monsieur Panalitus hasn't gone," they said, calculating his age and the state of his health, and they looked into each other's faces. "He's hale and hearty and probably about thirty-five, and still he hasn't gone."

"So you haven't gone, so you haven't been called yet?" the baker's wife said to him one day when he came in for his bread. What color there was went in a stroke from Monsieur Panalitus's flesh.

"No, not yet, not yet," he said, and his hand trembled as he paid the money out on the marble slab of the counter.

"What class are you?" said the shoemaker's son, who had come in for a kilo of flour. He looked around at the other faces in the shop as he said it, and gave a wink and jerked his chin at the man standing there with his lids dropped and his flute of bread under his arm. "I'm the class of '40," the shoemaker's son said.

"I'm not any class—that is, not yet," Monsieur Panalitus answered without looking up. "I'll be called separately. I'm the kind they call individually, later on," he said, and then he put his hand out and groped for the doorway, going

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as if through the dark to the sunlight streaming down outside.

ALL that first month the people in the village told each other that if he were a German the gendarmes would have done something about it, and if he were anything else, he wouldn't be afraid to come out of the house and talk about what was going on. But now Monsieur Panalitus scarcely ever came out, only once or twice a week in the evening, running quickly to the post office or the butcher and waiting outside if there were people in the shop, with his overcoat collar turned up around his ears. So it went on for a long time, week in and out, and October and November passed, and one evening, just after nightfall, Monsieur Panalitus met Jean-Marie by the calvary. Monsieur Panalitus had been kneeling down and now he was striking the dirt from the knees of his trousers, from where he had knelt on the broad granite stone.

"*Bonsoir, Monsieur,*" Jean-Marie said.

"*Bonsoir*, my dear little Jean-Marie," Monsieur Panalitus answered. Then, as if he had been waiting a long time to say it, "Monsieur Panalitus has received the letter. He's got it in his pocket. He's got the letter he's been waiting for."

"Are there any crayfish in the pond yet?" Jean-Marie asked, the voice coming small and tentative out of the evening's dark.

"Oh, it's too cold now. Not until next spring." And he went on trying to say what must be said to someone now. "Monsieur Panalitus has been praying here because there are so many people in the church for seven-o'clock prayers that he doesn't like to go in there."

"Praying for the fish to come back?" said Jean-Marie.

"No, not for that, for something else, Jean-Marie. Praying that this will make things better for Monsieur Panalitus when everybody knows about it; that is, if I can tell them. That is, Monsieur Panalitus was praying to find the way to show them. You see, I don't know the right way to start telling them." He took the letter from his overcoat pocket. "Of course, you can't see in the dark like this, but it's signed by the Minister of War. You see, poor Monsieur Panalitus isn't quite like everybody else. There was a revolution in Monsieur Panalitus's country and he couldn't stay there. Now he doesn't belong to any country. He has a special kind of paper, a thing they call a Nansen passport."

Jean-Marie put the thumb of one mitten slowly in his mouth and began sucking the wool of it, thinking not of the man who had squatted down on the path beside him but of the fish as he had seen them all last summer—the grim-mouthed, serpentlike shapes that moved through the water's deep, mysterious shadow without dividing it. And there in the dark, Monsieur Panalitus rehearsed the lines he did not know how to utter aloud before people who might not be satisfied, who might not believe him. The War Department, he said in a low, hurried voice, the War Department had thanked Monsieur Panalitus very cordially for the letter he had addressed to Monsieur Daladier, in which he had offered his active services to France. But unfortunately, up to the present time no provision had been made for the recruiting of persons without a nationality into military or non-military units.

"You'll get quite a pleasant surprise, old chap, when you see your first woman."

THEN, on the first Sunday in December, the incredible thing happened. There had been a snowfall in the last days of the month and, because of the south wind blowing, the snow had melted fast. In the cold places and the shadows there was enough left to make it slippery underfoot and to give a look of bitter, desolate winter to the streets and the fields. The washerwoman went out at four to take a cup of chocolate at a friend's house, and when she came back at six, Jean-Marie was not in the kitchen. His cap was gone and his boots. Once she had put the soup on, she took her coat down again and went out to find him. He was not with the children making snowballs with what was left of the drifts in the square, and not in the neighbors' kitch-

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"I thought I recognized a Theatre Guild face."

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ens. Nobody had seen him in the afternoon, but it was known that he was given to wandering from home. Only when it was well past seven, and she had become desperate, did she go up the mountain road to Monsieur Panalitus's hotel and knock firmly on his door.

He did not come to open it at once, but she heard muffled steps and the inner door close quietly and warily, and so she knocked louder. In the end he came down the corridor and opened the door to her, undoing his housewife's apron with the other hand. The electricity was not on in spite of the dark—only a candle burning in a holder on the table. She asked him if he had seen Jean-Marie that afternoon.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, I saw him, Madame Corageoud. He came up here looking for crayfish in the little pool and I sent him home."

"What time was that?" said the woman, and Monsieur Panalitus reflected for a moment.

"It must have been about five," he said. "First I called him in and I gave him a little bag of sweets. I hope you don't mind that, Madame Corageoud?" He was standing in the opening of the door, with his eyes swelling sorrowfully on her. "He comes up quite often to look for the fish and get his bag of caramels—twice a week at least. The children have been my only friends for some time now, so I keep a tin container of sweets here for them, all pure caramel without any foreign coloring matter and absolutely harmless—"

"But he isn't at home, Monsieur Panalitus," the woman said. She turned around uncertainly and rubbed her fingers together in distress. "I don't understand what could have happened, I don't see where—" Her eye fell on the little cemented pond, just visible in the faint illumination from the candle's far-shed light, and she did not say anything, but for an instant her heart ceased to beat. "What did you say?" she said, the voice beginning to babble. "What did you say about him looking—about him looking for—him coming up to look for—" She lifted her hand and shook it strangely toward the water.

Monsieur Panalitus went inside and reached the brass hurricane lamp down from the shelf and lighted it. Then he came back to her, holding the lamp, and as he passed her and stepped onto the imported gravel he took her hand in his. Thus, hand in hand, they crossed the hotel garden to the pool's edge, and there he lowered the lamp and they looked through the snow-broken and weight-broken weeds and slime to what lay beneath the water.

THEY said that the woman's screams could be heard all over the village and that Jean-Marie was still holding the little bag of caramels in his hand. But they did not know that Monsieur Panalitus took the boy's body out and ran with it to the kitchen and laid it on the kitchen table and flung his own coat and shirt aside and began the work of respiration. While he worked, he said to the washerwoman, "You've got to stop that noise and get the doctor. You've got to stop that

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"Face the front of the car, please!"

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noise now and get the doctor, do you hear me? You've got to get the doctor while I do this. You've got to listen to me now and get the doctor." He slapped her savagely across the face. "Now, you go," he said in a breathless voice, "you go and get the doctor," and he turned back to the table.

They worked most of the night, Monsieur Panalitus and the doctor and the blacksmith and the chemist, four men crouching in turn over the small, naked child's body lying belly down on the table with its head turned to the left side and its tongue stretched out. At three o'clock in the morning even Monsieur Panalitus had to see what the truth was, had to sit down and cover his face with his hands.

The blacksmith, the big, red-mustached man, sitting with his reddish-haired arms hanging down between his knees, made the first move. "We don't know who was responsible for it," he said, looking at the floor between his feet. "But if you, or any foreigner like you, if you had anything to do with it —if you—"

"Stop," said the doctor, jumping up. He was a thin, dark, slight man with the black, quick eyes of a rodent and long rodent teeth showing beneath the even line of his mustache. "There's no question of anything like that. That child died drowned, there's no other mark on him."

But the blacksmith went on in the same quiet voice. "I'm talking for those people waiting outside. I know what they're all thinking just as well as I know what I'm thinking, what every man and woman is thinking here tonight. I'm speaking for his mother, half-crazed out there, and I'm speaking for his father, off fighting in the service of his country. You're a foreigner. You haven't put your name down for one side or the other. We don't know where you came from. All we know is that child's father is off defending his home and his country while men like you—"

"There's been harm enough done already," the doctor said, looking at Monsieur Panalitus. The chemist turned wearily back from the window. "There's been far too much talk in this village. We've all seen how this man has worked with us tonight," the doctor said, and he turned rather fiercely on the blacksmith. The chemist picked up a yellow-and-white checked tablecloth from one of the kitchen chairs and spread it over the dead child and wearily sat down. "He is a free man and no other man has a right to judge him," the doctor said, and then he swung back to Monsieur Panalitus again. "Now, you can clear up the thing by telling us, Panalitus. It is easy enough for you to tell us what nationality you are." Monsieur Panalitus did not answer, and the doctor repeated, but as if he were losing ground, "You are a free man, you are a free man, Panalitus."

Monsieur Panalitus sat there, his face covered in his hands, seeing the child's death as it must have been.

The blacksmith got up from his chair and passed the shrouded figure stretched on the table and crossed the kitchen and stood over Monsieur Panalitus's chair.

"There're people waiting to know," he said. "People who have a right. We've let you stay on here, live here, eat here, whatever you were up to, until this happened, until the day when honest people who know their duty and perform it—I've got five children," he said, "five of them, and, by God, in their names, for their sakes I'd . . ."

Monsieur Panalitus waited until the voice had ceased, and then he stood up and smoothed his hair back with his hands and left the kitchen. When he came back he was carrying the letter, and he did not speak but gave it to the doctor, and the doctor read it once in silence, his eyes running back and forth across the page. When he began reading it aloud, first the department of state from which it had come and then the date, Monsieur Panalitus sat down near the table on which the dead boy lay and his flesh started shaking as if from the sudden cold.

—Kay Boyle

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CAPTAIN FUTURE, BLOCK THAT KICK!

I GUESS I'm just an old mad scientist at bottom. Give me an underground laboratory, half a dozen atom-smashers, and a beautiful girl in a diaphanous veil waiting to be turned into a chimpanzee and I care not who writes the nation's laws. You'll have to leave my meals on a tray outside the door because I'll be working pretty late on the secret of making myself invisible, which may take me almost until eleven o'clock. Oh, yes, and don't let's forget one more thing. I'll need a life subscription to a new quarterly journal called *Captain Future, Wizard of Science*, a bright diadem on the forehead of Better Publications, 22 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

As one who triggered a disintegrator with Buck Rogers and could dash off a topographical map of Mongo or Dale Arden with equal facility, I thought in my pride and arrogance I knew all there was to know about astronomical adventure. It was something of a shock, therefore, to find out several days back that I was little more than a slippered pantaloon. Beside Captain Future, Wizard of Science, Flash Gordon and the Emperor Ming pale to a couple of nursery tots chewing on Holland rusk.

The novelette in which this spectacular *caballero* makes his bow to "scientifiction" fans opens with no fumbling preamble or prosy exposition. Into the office of James Carthew, President of the Earth Government, staggers a giant ape, barely recognizable by the President as John Sperling, his most trusted secret agent. The luckless investigator had been ordered to Jupiter to look into a complaint that some merry-andrew was causing atavism among the Jovians, but apparently had got badly jobbed. Before Carthew can intervene, a frightened guard drills the ape man with a flare-pistol, and in his dying breath the latter lays the blame for his predicament squarely at the door of a mysterious being he calls the Space Emperor. As you may well imagine, Carthew is all of a tizzy. He immediately instructs his secretary to send for Captain Future in the ringing phrase "Televise the meteorological rocket-patrol base at Spitzbergen. Order them to flash the magnesium flare signal from the North Pole." Personally, I think Carthew might have softened this whiplike command with "And just for the hell of it, why don't you try the Princeton Club?," but perhaps I delve too deeply. In any event, the perpetual uranium clock has hardly ticked off two hours before Captain Future (or Curt Newton, to call him by his given name) appears on the escarpment with one of the most endearing speeches in my experience:

"You know my assistants," Curt Newton said shortly, "Grag the robot, Otho the android, and Simon Wright, the Living Brain. We came from the moon full speed when I saw your signal. What's wrong?"

Fiction teems with sinister escorts and everybody has his favorite, but Captain Future's three-man mob leaves the worst of them kissed off and frozen against the cushion:

A weird shape had just leaped onto the balcony. It was a manlike figure, but one whose body was rubbery, boneless-looking, blank-white in color. He wore a metal harness, and his long, slitted green unhuman eyes peered brightly out of an alien white face. Following this rubbery android, or synthetic man, came another figure, equally as strange—a giant metal robot who strode across the balcony on padded feet. He towered seven feet high. In his bulbous metal head gleamed a pair of photoelectric eyes. The robot's left hand carried the handle of a square transparent box. Inside it a living brain was housed. In the front of the case were the Brain's two glittering glass lens-eyes. Even now they were moving on their flexible metal stalks to look at the President.

At this juncture I took time out to moisten my lips with the tip of my tongue, retrieved my own eyeballs, and plunged on. Captain Future himself was somewhat more tailored than his comrades, in fact quite swagger. "His unruly shock of red hair towered six feet four above the floor, and his wide lithe shoulders threatened to burst the jacket of his gray synthesilk zipper-suit." In pulp fiction it is a rigid convention that the hero's shoulders and the heroine's *balcon* constantly threaten to burst their bonds, a possibility which keeps the audience in a state of tense expectancy. Unfortunately for the fans, however, recent tests reveal that the wisp of chiffon which stands between the publisher and the postal laws has the tensile strength of drop-forged steel.

TO acquaint the reader more fully with "that tall, cheerful, red-haired young adventurer of the ready laugh and flying fists, the implacable Nemesis of all oppressors and exploiters of the System's human and planetary races," the author interrupts his smoking narrative with a brief dossier. In the year 1990, the brilliant young Earth biologist Roger Newton, aided by the living brain of Simon Wright ("the greatest brain in scientific history"), had unravelled the secret of artificial life. Now, certain dark forces headed by one Victor Corvo were determined to appropriate Newton's secret. To confound him, Roger Newton proposed to Elaine, his wife, and the Living Brain that they conceal themselves on the moon. "'But the moon!' Elaine exclaimed, deep repulsion shadowing her eyes. 'That barren, airless globe that no one ever visits!'"

Elaine's dainty disgust is pardonable; Far Rockaway out of season could not have been more painfully *vieux jeu*. A few weeks, nevertheless, see the little company snugly housed under the surface of Tycho crater upon the moon, where its number is swelled by the addition of the infant Curt and by Grag the robot, whom Roger and the Living Brain construct in their spare time of neurons and nails and puppy dogs' tails. Eventually, still another fruit of this intellectual union—Otho, the synthetic android—is capering about the laboratory. Just as Newton is on the verge of returning to earth, up turns Public Bad Penny No. 1, Victor Corvo, and slays him and his wife. When the Brain assures him vengeance will be swift, Corvo hurls the taunt supreme at the preserved scientist: "'Don't try to threaten me, you miserable bodiless brain! I'll soon silence you—'" He stops throwing his weight around soon enough when Grag and Otho burst in, and, directed by the Brain, rub him out effectively if none too tidily.

Dying, Elaine Newton entrusts Curt to the care of the trio in a scene which must affect the sensibilities of the most callous:

"Tell him to war always against those who would pervert science to sinister ambition," whispered Elaine. "I will tell him," promised the Brain, and in its toneless metallic voice was a queer catch.

The guardians justify Elaine's faith in them to a degree; by the time Curt has attained his majority, he is one lovely hunk of boy, a hybrid of Leonardo da Vinci and Dink Stover. From then on, as Captain Future, Curt ranges the solar system with his pals in an asteroidal super-ship, the Comet, avenging his folks

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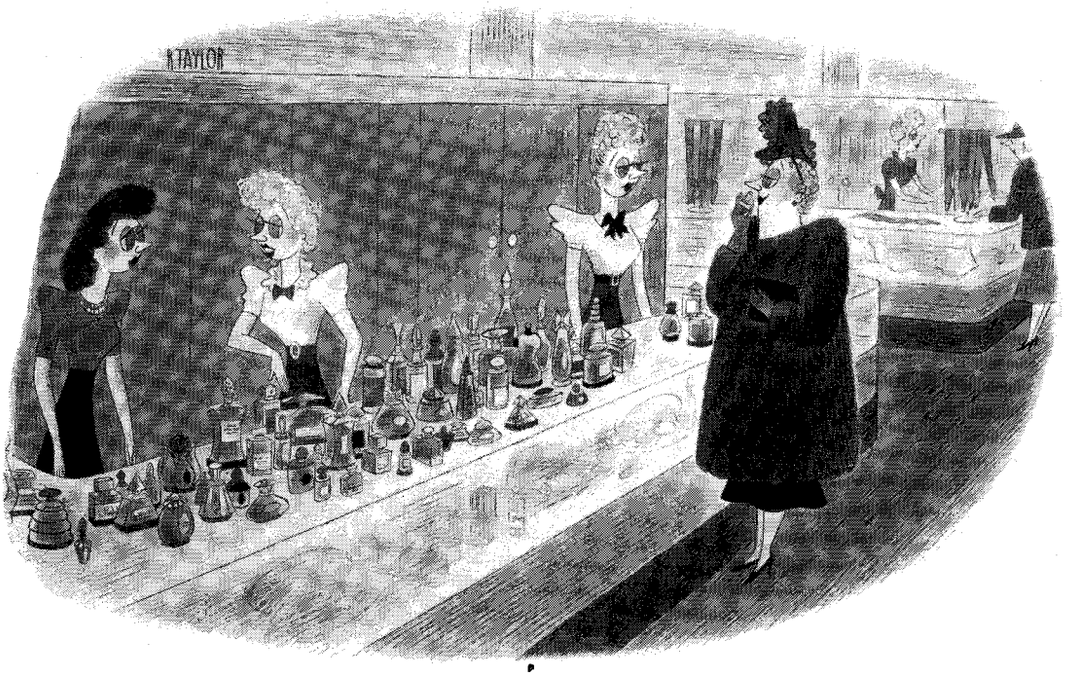

"These have all been eliminated. She's down to the semifinals."

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and waging war on what the author is pleased to call "interplanetary crime."

BUT to return to our muttons, if so prosaic a term can be applied to the streamlined quartet. Speeding outward into space toward Jovopolis, chief Earthman colony on Jupiter, Captain Future plucks haunting music from his twenty-string Venusian guitar while Grag and Otho tend the controls and the Living Brain burrows into textbooks for a clue to the atavism. Their snug *Kaffeeklatsch* is blasted when a piratical black space-cruiser suddenly looms across the Comet's bows and attempts to ambush the party, but Curt's proton beams force the attacker down on Callisto, outermost of Jupiter's four biggest moons. The boys warp in alongside and Grag prepares to rip open the jammed door of the pirate craft so his master may question the miscreants:

Grag's big metal fingers were removable. The robot rapidly unscrewed two of them and replaced them with small drills which he took from a kit of scalpels, chisels, and similar tools carried in a little locker in his metal side. Then Grag touched a switch on his wrist. The two drills which had replaced two of his fingers whirled hummingly. He quickly used them to drill six holes in the edge of the ship's door. Then he replaced the drills with his fingers, hooked six fingers inside the holes he had made.

The rest is brute strength, a department in which Grag is preëminent. Inside are Jon Orris and Martin Skeel, whose names instantly tip them off as wrong guys. Yet it is impossible not to be moved by Orris's pathetic confession: " 'Skeel and I have criminal records. We fled out here after we got into a murder scrape on Mars.' " They admit under pressure that they are creatures of the Space Emperor, though actually they have never seen him. " 'He's always concealed in a big, queer black suit, and he speaks out of it in a voice that don't sound human to me,' " Skeel says.

Time, even on Callisto, is a-wastin', and nimbly dodging a plague of creeping crystals which bids fair to annihilate them, the space-farers resume their course. On their arrival at Jovopolis, Otho the android disguises himself as Orris and repairs to that worthy's hut to await the Space Emperor and overpower him so that Captain Future can steal up and clap the darbies on him. Arriving at the rendezvous, the Emperor promptly makes himself invisible and Curt leaps through him, only to sprawl on his finely chiselled beezer.

Recovering from this contretemps with his usual sunny equanimity, Curt hastens to the mansion of the governor, Sylvanus Quale, to reconnoitre. Here he encounters the heart interest, a plump little cabbage named Joan Randall, who is head nurse to the chief planetary physician. Lucas Brewer, a shifty radium magnate; Mark Cannig, his mine superintendent; and Eldred Kells, the vice-governor, are also at the mansion.

It is apparent at once to the *cognoscenti* that any one of these worthies is the Space Emperor, and with no personal bias other than that his name had a particularly sneaky sound, I put my money on Eldred Kells. Fifty pages later I was proved right, but not before I had been locked in an atavism ward with Curt and Joan, flung into a pit by the green flipper-men, and nibbled by giant six-foot rats called "diggers" (a surprisingly mild name for a giant six-foot rat, by the way). But even such hazards, for all their jewelled prose, cannot compare with the description of the main street of Jungletown:

Here were husky prospectors in stained zipper-suits, furtive, unshaven space-bums begging, cool-eyed interplanetary gamblers, gaunt engineers in high boots with flare-pistols at their belts, bronzed space-sailors up from Jovopolis for a carousal in the wildest new frontier-town in the System.

AND so, all too soon for both Joan Randall and myself, comes the hour of parting with "the big red-head," as the author shakily describes Curt in a final burst of emotion. In the next issue, Captain Future and his creepy constabulary will doubtless be summoned forth again to combat some horror as yet to be devised. Meanwhile I like to think of his lighthearted rebuke to Otho the android, already chafing against inactivity:

"Sooner or later, there'll be another call from Earth, and then I hope there's action enough for you, you crazy coot."

There may be another call, Curt, but it won't come from Baby. Right now all he wants is a cup of hot milk and fourteen hours of shut-eye. And if it's all the same to you, he'll do his sleeping with the lights on.—S. J. PERELMAN

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NEW ENGLAND EXTRACT

From Greece the porch,
from Normandy the spire,
Scotland the dogma,
Galilee the fire.
Pine-boarded, Ladies' Guilded,
groved in birch:
the Holy Ghost's
and Isaac Damon's church.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

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PROFILES

IT'S DE-LOVELY!

MONTY WOOLLEY presents a difficult problem to those panhandlers who specialize in actors. Ordinarily, a prosperous, middle-aged actor is good for a touch if approached at the stage door with some such line as "You probably don't remember me, but I was on the same bill with you once at the old Palace," or "I had a walk-on in the last thing you did for Mr. Frohman." Woolley's Broadway background is strictly circumscribed, and a matter of recent memory. Before his spectacularly successful opening in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Woolley had been in exactly two New York productions—the musical comedy "On Your Toes" and "Knights of Song," a legitimate show which closed two weeks after it opened. This leaves the panhandlers the dubious alternative of claiming to have been students of the drama at Yale or of saying they met Woolley at one of Elsa Maxwell's parties. As a matter of fact, Woolley is usually good for the touch, but he takes a certain satisfaction in first saying, with a crisp wag of his famous beard, "My dear fellow, I never saw you before in my life."

It is not fair, however, to say that his appearance in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" raised Monty Woolley from obscurity. If a fine distinction may be drawn, his popularity has increased merely in quantity. He has for years been a member in good standing of the international set; among the sparkplugs of café society the name of dear Monty is as well respected as those of dear Noel, dear Elsa, and dear Cole. One of his intimates recently said, with privileged familiarity, "At last the old party has got the rôle he's been rehearsing for all his life." And it is undeniably true that the character of Sheridan Whiteside, as embodied by Woolley on the stage of the Music Box Theatre, presents, along with its unmistakable suggestion of Alexander Woollcott, certain overtones of Woolley, like a dash of brandy sauce on a suet pudding.

Long before the opening night of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Woolley was well on the way to becoming a legend. Cole Porter had temporarily immortalized in a popular song a chance remark of his—"It's de-lovely!" This originated in 1936, during a world cruise Woolley made in company with the Cole Porters and Moss Hart. (Porter and Hart had taken the trip in order to avoid interruptions by telephone calls while collaborating on a show.) Porter's recollection of the occasion is that he, Mrs. Porter, and Woolley were standing on deck when their ship entered the picturesque harbor of Rio de Janeiro, just at dawn. He says he exclaimed, "It's delightful," Linda Porter chimed in with "It's delicious," and Woolley, exhilarated both by the view and by an all-night vigil in the ship's bar, cried, "It's *de-lovely!*" Moss Hart says, however, that the entire line "It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely!" was uttered by Woolley in the ship's dining room after his first taste of a particularly gooey and fattening dessert. Woolley himself is inclined to think that the line represents a three-way collaboration of Woolley and the Porters, and that the inspiration was a delicious native punch they had somewhere in Central America. The conscientious biographer can do no more than present the tale in a variorum version.

If Woolley had done nothing else in his life, the delight and solace he has brought Cole Porter would have amply justified his existence. From the very first days of their friendship—they were together at Yale—the mere fact of Woolley's existence has been enough to throw Porter into gales of affectionate laughter. It seems that Woolley is an untidy sleeper and usually winds up a night's slumber looking like something deposited by a tidal wave. Porter has gone to considerable trouble to collect photographs of Woolley asleep, and now has several dozen admirable studies of this somewhat specialized subject, including one made by an Italian portrait photographer engaged to stalk Woolley at dawn in the guest room of the Porters' house in Venice. The pair maintain a practically continuous telephone conversation, now transatlantic, now transcontinental, now simply bridging the gap between Porter's apartment in the Waldorf Towers and Woolley's dressing room. Early one morning, while Porter was in Boston breaking in "Du Barry Was a Lady," he telephoned Woolley at the Astor, where he lives, and said that he and Herbert Fields, his librettist, had been considering Woolley's future. "We've decided that you ought to do a musical show next," he said, "and we have just the thing for you." Woolley was naturally interested, and wanted details. "Would I have to sing?" he asked. "Well, you'd have to do some singing, but the dancing would be more important," Porter told him. "You'd have to waltz a lot. Can you waltz?" Woolley thought for a moment, and said yes, he was sure he could waltz satisfactorily. Now, exactly what would the rôle be? "A whoremonger," Porter said, with screams of laughter. Such pointless goings-on are simply by way of letting Woolley know that his friends have not forgotten him.

Monty Woolley

MONTY WOOLLEY's circle speaks of him as "The Beard." It is certainly true that Woolley's beard, which he has worn for twelve years, is of such importance that it deserves special biographical attention. It is not quite a case of the beard wagging the man; rather, the beard is the outward symbol of Woolley's essential qualities. An unworldly, unsophisticated, unlettered man, one who was not to the manner born, could not successfully wear such a beard for a week, let alone twelve years. The beard is Woolley's white plume. It is also, of course, a valuable bit of professional equipment. Its owner values it at about eight thousand dollars. This figure was quoted to Paramount Pictures last year, when Woolley, then a free-lance actor on the Coast, was asked if he would shave it off to play a part they had in mind for him. After a conference with his agent, Woolley replied that he would part with the beard for a bonus of two thousand dollars down, plus five hundred a week while it was growing back, a process which certainly would take

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three months. Paramount hired another actor.

A stately oak could not flourish in a desert; no more could a beard like Woolley's spring from any soil but a rich mulch of breeding, education, and background. Its roots are deep and far-spreading. To begin at the beginning, Monty Woolley—Edgar Montillion Woolley—was born the summer of 1888 in the old Hotel Bristol, which stood at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street (away uptown). His father, William Edgar Woolley, owned the Bristol; he also owned, at various stages of a prosperous career, the Grand Union, in Saratoga Springs; the Iroquois, in Buffalo; and the Marie Antoinette, on upper Broadway. William Woolley, whom a childhood friend of Monty's remembers as looking like a miniature of a Roman senator, was a boon companion of the prominent Broadway characters of the day—Dick Canfield, Lillian Russell, Victor Herbert, and the rest. Except when Monty was away at school and college, or travelling abroad with his parents, he spent all of his formative years in or near one of his father's hotels. The family headquarters was a private house on the grounds of the Grand Union. Though he was never a hotel child, in the opprobrious sense of the term, Monty saw a good deal more of the worldly side of life than most children. Once he met Sarah Bernhardt.

Monty was the younger of two boys. They were raised under the not uncommon regime of a stern father and an indulgent mother. Woolley *père* saw to it that his sons had the best clothes to be made in New York and the best rooms at school and college, but he didn't believe in letting them have cash allowances to waste on foolishness. He was also a rigid disciplinarian. Monty's brother, who was six years older, was fond of riding, and when the family was living in Saratoga Mr. Woolley gave the boys five horses. Usually, however, the older brother was forbidden to ride, as a punishment for some prank or other. Mr. Woolley would then remark to Monty, "If you don't exercise the horses, I'll sell them." The miserable boy would have to get up at six in the morning and exercise all five, one after the other. Woolley's adult life has included no contact with horses.

Woolley prepared for college at the Mackenzie School, in Dobbs Ferry, and entered Yale with the class of 1911. There he fell in with the set which owned pianos, studied wine lists, and felt it was no disgrace to read books not on the required-reading lists. The majority of undergraduates profoundly mistrusted this group, in spite of the fact that one of its prominent members, Cole Porter, gave them their best football song—"Bulldog, Bulldog, Eli Yale." Woolley, however, cheerfully ignored the heritage of hairy-chestedness so dear to the prewar Yale man and soon became the ringleader of a clique which dabbled in dramatics and profligacy. He appeared every year in the productions of the Yale Dramatic Association and served as president during his last year. Woolley roomed with Thomas Beer, whom he had known at Mackenzie, and made friends with Cole Porter, Gerald Murphy, and others he was to know the rest of his life. These boys confected for themselves the most fabulous sort of entertainments. Once, for example, they sent to about fifty socially acceptable undergraduates invitations to appear at an inn outside New Haven, "to meet the Prince of Wales." Each man invited was assigned the name of an actual member of the British nobility and instructed to wear the exact costume, with decorations, that the aristocrat in question would wear at a court reception. After weeks of library research and conferences with costumers, the party of some fifty boys in costume was, on the appointed day, driven out to the inn in victorias hired for the occasion, plied en route with stirrup cups poured by liveried footmen, and at the inn presented, in the strict order of precedence, to the Prince, who was impersonated by Cole Porter, in knee pants and an Eton collar.

Occasionally Woolley's mother would send him a hamper of delicacies, and he and Beer would give a party in their rooms. Or he would come into New York with friends to try his luck at the Marie Antoinette, which his father was then operating. Woolley would steal a passkey and smuggle his friends into an unoccupied suite, from which they would telephone orders to the room-service desk for chilled champagne and delicate foods. Sometimes they got them, but more often they got a stern telephone call from old Mr. Woolley. "Edgar, are you up there?"

"Yes, Father."

"Are those *things* up there with you?"

"Yes, Father."

"Get them out of there immediately." All of his son's college friends were

BABY, WHAT MAKES THE SKY BLUE?

Oh, what a tangled web do parents weave
When they think that their children are naïve.
The sleigh ride they embark on is strenuous
When they deem their offspring ingenuous,
And particularly climb they voluntarily into the tumbril like doomed aristocrats
When they consider themselves to be sophistocrats,
Because, the moment they look on their little ones as country cousins and themselves as suave and sophisticated,
Why, that is the moment they are not only going to get their feelings hurt but also end up totally baffled and mysticated,
Because you take sophisticated you, and you know that your radio is more magical than anything out of Andersen or the Brothers Grimm,
But you take ingenuous Junior, and it's just a radio to him,
And you carefully explain all about Marconi and sound waves and static and where the broadcast comes from and how it gets here, to the tot,
And he simply says, "Why not?"
Yes, one very good reason children should be seen and not heard
Is that to ingenuous them an automobile, or a telephone, or an electric refrigerator is no more awe-inspiring than a flower or a bird,
Because they quickly get used to living in a world that every day produces something that if they didn't cultivate a calm acceptance of the impossible would strain their belief,
So their approach to gadgets is that if they can accept the sun and moon why they guess they can accept the Dixie Clipper and the Super Chief.
Sophisticated parents live agog in a world that to them is enchanted;
Ingenuous children just naïvely take it for granted.

—Ogden Nash

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"Sleepy?"

• •

things to Mr. Woolley, and he wanted no part of them.

Woolley stayed on at Yale for an M.A., then went to Harvard with the intention of taking a Ph.D. He lived in a bachelor apartment on Beacon Hill and studied under George Lyman Kittredge, the great Shakespearean scholar. As a member of Kittredge's famous English 2, he heard Shakspere (the Professor's preferred spelling) expounded better than he has ever been expounded before, or ever will be again, probably. The final examination for English 2 consists of fifty or sixty tags of speech from the plays studied during the year; the student is expected to identify the character who spoke the words, fit them into the proper context, name the act and scene they belong in, and discuss any stray points they bring up, such as historical references, philological derivations, dramatic implications, or parallel passages. Also, in a more frivolous connection, it might be noted that it was as a student of Kitty's that Woolley first saw a beard properly handled. Professor Kittredge's platform manner was the pride of Harvard, and one of the most compelling things about him was his crisp, snowy-white beard. It may have left its impression on Woolley.

WOOLLEY left Harvard without his Ph.D., Professor Kittredge having advised him to follow his bent for practical stage work. He returned to Yale and for the next three years held the position of instructor in English, acting as coach for the undergraduate dramatic productions. In 1916 he spent four months at an artillery range in Pennsylvania, as a buck private in the Connecticut National Guard, preparing to fight Pancho Villa in Mexico. He

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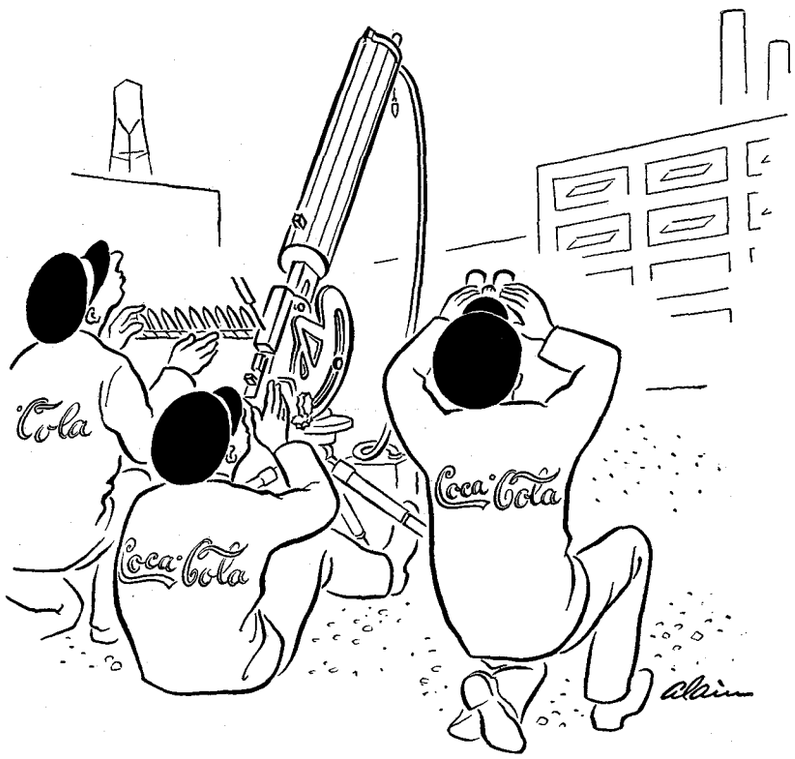

never entered this campaign, but he tried again when the United States entered the World War, enrolling in the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan, Chicago. He received a lieutenant's commission and spent eight uneventful months in France in 1918. After the armistice he returned to his old job at Yale, where, except for occasional ventures in New York, he stayed until 1927. Between 1919 and 1923 he had several very temporary jobs as stage manager for New York theatrical productions, and for a while, in 1920, he worked as assistant director and cutter in the old Famous Players-Lasky studio in Astoria.

Woolley was very happy at Yale and never intended to leave. He received a small salary from the English Department. His father, in spite of a lively disapproval of the academic life (at least, as practiced by his son), sent him an allowance. Under Woolley's guidance, the drama in New Haven had a little renaissance. Play-acting and the allied arts became quite fashionable. Woolley had among his undergraduate disciples at least three boys who never recovered from their first taste of the theatre—Dwight Wiman, the producer; Jock Whitney, the perennial angel; and Jack Wilson, Noel Coward's manager.

The serpent in this Eden was the charitable Edward S. Harkness, who stood (and still stands) ready to endow anything, at the drop of a hat. He presented Yale with a million dollars, to be used for an experimental theatre. The theatre was constructed, complete with technical facilities undreamed of even by the New York producers, and to direct the enterprise, President Angell and his advisers decided upon Professor George Pierce Baker, who was then conducting his famous 47 Workshop, the Harvard experimental theatre which turned out a respectable number of good designers and playwrights. The choice was not popular with the Yale undergraduates. Baker was a Harvard man, and they liked Woolley. There were a number of demonstrations on the campus, climaxed by an attempt to burn Baker in effigy. The affair received quite a bit of attention in the New York newspapers. Woolley was accused by the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, unjustly, of attempting to stir up feeling against Baker. Finally, although he had been told that he could stay on as adviser for extracurricular dramatics, he resigned early in 1927 and came to New York.

THUS far we have dealt with what might be termed the pre-beard phase of Woolley's career. After he left Yale, three important things happened, in fairly rapid succession: his father died, leaving him a small but (until 1929) comfortable income; Woolley raised his beard, during a long spell of rusticating at Saratoga Springs; and he made a solid success of his first professional job of directing—"Fifty Million Frenchmen." Ray Goetz, the producer, engaged Woolley overnight, on the advice of Cole Porter, who did the score of the show, the original director having died suddenly.

Withdrawn forever from the academic shelter, Woolley gradually established the pattern of the life he follows today. And (the unprejudiced observer cannot but admit) a fine life it is, too. Woolley did two or three more jobs of direction, for plays which turned out not too successfully. He played a long season in a hit show, "On Your Toes," and he spent a couple of seasons in Hollywood. So much for his work. The picture of Woolley at play is kaleidoscopically brilliant—Woolley, a much-sought guest, basking at Antibes, the Lido, and intermediate stops; Woolley, on a world cruise, reading Booth Tarkington's "Little Orvie" stories to Moss Hart and the Porters; Woolley resting quietly and studying in the house at Saratoga, now his and his brother's; Woolley impersonating the Grand Duke Dmitri at a reception in Paris; Woolley holding a levée in his hotel room at five in the afternoon, drinking his breakfast coffee and giving his friends cocktails.

Woolley's life is simplified by the fact that he has no possessive instinct at all. He owns an old Cadillac touring car and the usual amount of clothing, and nothing else. He has never had an apartment. For a while he lived at the Ritz, and he is now at the Astor. The Astor is almost across the street from the Music Box, and Woolley says he also likes it because the beef is the best to be had in

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New York. He has a single room, which is usually a horrid welter of letters, linen, and empty bottles. All he wants is a bed, a bathroom, and a telephone. When he lived at the Ritz, his friends badgered him so about his room's lack of individuality that he stopped at an art store and bought three identical prints to decorate it, but this was an unusually lavish gesture. Even in the matter of food, his demands are simple. He just likes good beef and lots of creamed things.

"So-so" would be the *mot juste* for Woolley's Hollywood career up to date. He has bobbed up in about twenty films, always—because of certain fixed ideas of casting directors about bearded men—impersonating a professional man, a diplomat, or a nobleman. Woolley has received on the West Coast no severer setback than being told by Michael Curtiz that he didn't speak good enough English to play in "Elizabeth and Essex" (with Bette Davis and Errol Flynn), and nobody but Edward Arnold has admired his acting enough to mention it. And when, last September, Moss Hart telephoned him from New York to ask if he could fly East immediately, to take the lead in a new play, he merely said, "I think that's a *very* poor sort of practical joke to play on a man with a hangover," and went back to bed.

THE biographer, picking his way carefully among highly magnetic personalities which attract or repel but are never inactive, must choose his words carefully in speaking of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Is it a play about Alexander Woollcott? Is it a play written for Woollcott, or merely one inspired by him? Or what? Perhaps it is best to tell the story in the fullest possible detail.

It begins, then, with Woollcott pestering Kaufman and Hart to write a play for him to appear in. Early last summer they set to work and produced a first act, substantially like the one now on view nightly at the Music Box, which they showed to Woollcott. After Woollcott read the manuscript, the three held a conference, and the upshot of the conference was Woollcott's decision not to act in it. Many possible reasons are apparent. Perhaps Woollcott, a notoriously flighty man, had become bored with the whole idea. Perhaps he or his radio sponsors feared that unfavorable publicity might result from his appearance in a rôle which required him to act unsympathetically in a middle-class American home; perhaps he decided that the demands of the play were too much of a strain on his dramatic ability.

At any rate, the authors finished the play with Robert Morley in mind. Morley, however, was detained in England, and the part was next offered to Adolphe Menjou. He came East to discuss the project, but decided against it. By this time the date set for beginning rehearsals was only ten days away. Hart then suggested to Kaufman that Woolley might do, and Woolley, once he was convinced that he wasn't being made the victim of a joke, came to New York and started intensive rehearsals.

There was some talk of padding Woolley out to Woollcott's proportions, but he rebelled at this, simply on the ground that the part would be too much for him if he was hot and uncomfortable all the time. He objected also to two epithets which the original script required him to hurl at his nurse. Woolley said that, however much these lines might be in character, he couldn't bring himself to say them publicly. They were bowdlerized. He doesn't like it when people say he is impersonating Woollcott, feeling (he says) that this is unfair to both of them. "I might just as well be playing Bernard Shaw," he says.

The rôle which Woolley has created is now being played in the No. 2 company, which recently opened in Chicago, by Clifton Webb. In the No. 3 company, soon to open in Los Angeles and tour the West Coast, Woollcott will play Sheridan Whiteside. This première will be watched with a good deal of interest by close students of the drama. You see, there is a persistent rumor that the Iron Man of Whimsy has been asked to follow Clifton Webb's lead and sharpen his characterization by wearing a beard. —RUSSELL MALONEY

"Pardon me, have you any bananas for sale?"

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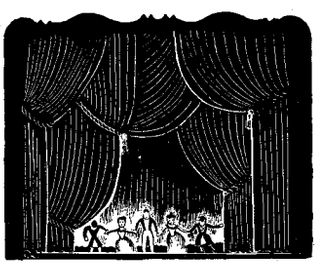
THE MALE AND ALLIED ANIMALS

JAMES THURBER, with his unique talents and wide following, must expect, when he writes a play in the conventional idiom of the theatre, to be beset by two types of zealot: (a) those Thurber fans who don't find enough Thurber in his play and (b) those Thurber fans who detect too much. (There was one dope sitting up back at the opening of "The Male Animal" who was so anxious not to miss the Thurber Touch that he screamed at every line just to be on the safe side.)

In spite of our editorial proximity, this department is not privy to Mr. Thurber's dearest wish in connection with this play which he has written with Elliott Nugent, but I have a feeling that the idea was to write a play as amusing and as successful as possible about a guy who, slightly tortured within himself for no reason, insists on torturing his wife and friends with steely-eyed, searching analyses of their perfectly innocent behavior until he has managed to raise quite a lot of hell all over the place. I may be doing Mr. Thurber and Mr. Nugent an injustice, but that's what it looks like to me, and they have done a good job of it. "The Male Animal" is certainly a highly amusing and, I am sure, successful play about just that.



I also like to think that the injection of the question of academic freedom, exemplified by the young professor's determination to read Bartolomeo Vanzetti's classic valedictory aloud to his class in the face of the trustees of the new stadium, was not a mere tablespoonful of sizing to give the play a semblance of shape but a genuine belief on the part of the authors that academic freedom and Bartolomeo Vanzetti's letter are worth bringing up, even in the despised medium of comedy. I'll bet that they do more good than many a preachment on a bare stage with bad actors walking around all hunched over.

And there are certainly no bad actors in "The Male Animal." Herman Shumlin has assembled and directed a practically perfect cast. Mr. Nugent, the co-author, plays the intense young professor with a humorous tenderness which brings out all the triumphant futility of the embattled male who confuses himself with the embattled female just enough to save the day for himself. Leon Ames, as the ex-football star who comes back to college "just to see a football game" and finds himself the heavy in a domestic drama with sociological undertones, is a constant delight to everyone but himself, as is young Robert Scott, the undergraduate editor who precipitates most of the trouble and builds himself a sterling bun as a consequence. Ruth Matteson has to face what any Thurber woman would have to face in the manic-depressive gamut and does it nobly, and little Miss Gene Tierney is without doubt pretty enough to have caused her end of the mess. It is also good to see Ivan Simpson back from Hollywood in the rôle of the dean who just wants to go and lie down, and I hope that a lot of trustees see and ponder on Matt Briggs' performance.

If you, as a Thurber fan, go to see "The Male Animal" expecting to find a counterpart of the Thurber fish with hysterical ears or the gull who "cannot get his head down any further than this," you may be confused for an act or so, for those particular flights of the Thurber imagination (if it really is imagination) have been held in check to conform with the limits of Aristotle's unities and by the fact that there are some things too sacred even for the theatre. But if you have recognized the down-to-earth understanding of strictly human problems of behavior, tinctured with a scorn for those who are cocksure that they have solved them, which marks the Thurber drawings and writings, then you will warm to this delightful comedy, which, with Mr. Nugent's practical coöperation, has, I am proud to say, come out of this office.

TO say that an evening at "John Henry" means a solid evening of Paul Robeson's singing should be enough to recommend it without reservation. And yet, unfortunately, there must be reservations made. Paul Robeson's voice and personality are still the same vibrant indications of his greatness, but even he cannot completely carry the maladjusted series of "montage shots" which constitute Roark Bradford's attempt to dramatize his own much more impressive literary delineation of the heroic career of a Negro Paul Bunyan.

Possibly the score of Jacques Wolfe has something to do with it, too. In Negro music, or its synthesis, there comes a point where everything sounds like "Water Boy." Mr. Wolfe has achieved this. And when "Water Boy" needs lightening up, "St. Louis Blues," with guitar accompaniment, creeps in. Just as all swing music is really "Tiger Rag" with practically no variations, the present state of what passes for Negro music is static to a point where there are no more surprises, or thrills—except when sung by a voice like Paul Robeson's.

IN his new "Vanities," Earl Carroll has brought a Hollywood night-club show on for New York to sample, and as Hollywood is a notoriously poor night-club centre he has started way behind scratch. He has not undone the old Earl Carroll, who, whatever he may have contrived with Ravel's "Bolero," always managed to have tons of genuine comics to offer, but he has outdone Hollywood night clubs and has given Broadway a tender glimpse into the past.

Here we have the shimmering silver plumes, the long cigarette holders, the patchwork peacocks, and even the old flame dance which was my first introduction into the magic of silk wings waved on long sticks under the stupefying influence of multicolored lights. It is good to see them all again. Mr. Carroll must have spent a Rip van Winkle existence in Hollywood.

Possibly a catalogue of the numbers in the "new" edition of the "Vanities" will give you some idea: "Cigarettes in the Moonlight," "The Corset Shop," "Fantasy of Feathers," "American Bolero," "Beauty Empanelled," and "The Song of the Sarong." They are all here, but I had to explain to my young companion that I had seen them somewhere before.

As for the comedians, they have that endearing enthusiasm and eagerness which make Hollywood entertainers so difficult to criticize. They really *want* to amuse you and, sooner or later, they

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do. You may start out by thinking that Jerry Lester is trying too hard, but as the evening and Mr. Lester wear on, he convinces you that he has something, especially in his late spot with Cass-Owen and Topsy, when he practically creeps into your heart. Professor Lamberti, with his eccentric xylophone and subsequent personal appearances, is so definitely a reconstruction of old-time vaudeville that you never hesitate for a minute to take him to your heart—if you are a lover of old-time vaudeville.

The dancing and singing seem just about as usual, although Susan Miller has a quality of steady application combined with a certain appeal which makes her numbers, notably "Angel," stand out. I might suggest that the St. James Theatre, even with Maurice Evans playing "Hamlet," got along very well without a loudspeaker, and I see no reason for trying the ear-drums at this late date. The Hollywood night-club technique can be carried too far. In fact, Glendale is almost far enough.

Mr. Carroll advertises, in his own modest way, "The Most Beautiful Girls in the World." I wouldn't know about that, not having seen the world for some years. However, they look all right.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Additional Theatre Advertising on page 50

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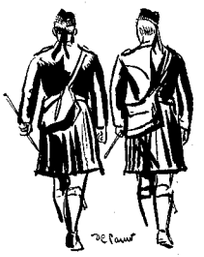
LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 12 (BY CABLE)

HORE-BELISHA's fall has made a noise here compared to which the Eden and Duff Cooper affairs were just mild tinkles in the Cabinet china cupboard. The recent crash set everything swaying and caused the gloomier observers to prophesy that it might easily bring the cupboard down too. Although informed circles had heard the warning cracks for some time, the public got the shock of its life when it picked up the paper last Saturday morning and saw the headlines. To most people, H.-B. seemed to be a competent man doing a difficult job; those in closer contact with him perhaps might have said that he was a difficult man doing a competent job. Even those who disliked him have never denied that he has produced results in his two and a half years at the War Office. How much came from his own reforms and how much from the spadework of others is now a matter for interested speculation.



Over the weekend photographers were allowed to go and snap the ex-War Secretary relaxing as a country gentleman on his estate in Wimbledon, looking at ease in an open-necked shirt and affably patting a bull terrier. The man in the street had come to think of H.-B. as being a good deal like a bull terrier himself—no beauty, but a dandy fighter snapping energetically at festoons of dusty red tape and through it all remaining the comedian who never forgot to grin broadly, usually toward the cameras, before nipping another august shin. However much that beaming talent for publicity annoyed some people, there is no doubt that H.-B. was satisfactory to the public, who had no access to the interdepartmental goings on, and his removal has let loose a shindy of a magnitude which presumably Chamberlain never expected.

The reaction of the Army, or anyway of the high-up staff officers, seems to be one of satisfaction; they feel the fellow was a nuisance and a bit of an outsider too. The Jewish issue possibly meant more than foreign observers who see England as the welcoming haven of the non-Aryan refugee realize. The English have their share of anti-Semitism, less violent than the totalitarian article but still pretty strong, especially in the upper classes. On the other hand, a typical cockney comment, heard in a bus, was " 'Is nose 'appens to be the wrong shape, that's all." Dailies like the *Express* and the *News Chronicle* simplified the issue into a feud between the perhaps over-impatient War Secretary and the blimpish brass hats at the head of the fighting services and screamed shrilly for someone's blood.

About the most plausible of the many rumors floating around the town at the moment is that H.-B., in some of his public and semi-public utterances, didn't practice the discretion necessary in his position. Perhaps that's what the *Times* was referring to when it suggested that a perfectly simple explanation would present itself "to those who have been brought into daily contact with the late War Secretary's expansive nature." In the general din of the battle little has been said or written about H.-B.'s successor, Oliver Stanley, partly because there is little to say or write—baffled Britons cling to the fact that he's Lord Derby's son, for the noble lord is a good fellow—and partly because he is in bed suffering from influenza.

PEOPLE now find it difficult to remember that only four months ago it seemed possible that Londoners would go on leading a troglodyte existence for the rest of their lives. In a way, London has settled down to a wartime routine in which people don't look up—much—when a plane flies over the houses, and no one bothers to carry a gas mask except country cousins up for a gape at the balloon barrage. Maybe, as the Premier warned everyone in his Mansion House speech, it's the calm before the storm, but calm of a kind it certainly is. Women crowd into the January sales and placidly buy blankets shown in windows on which stickers say that there's an air-raid shelter for fifty persons below. Friends mislaid in September are drifting back to London again, looking rubicund and somewhat sheepish in tweeds bought for a prolonged rustic retreat. Restaurants are doing marvellous business even though you get only one lump of sugar with your coffee and the waiter is likely to point out that the little pat is butter and the big pat is margarine. If it weren't for the fact that you never stop talking about it and that the Premier's speech made the public uneasily certain that they'd never stop paying for

Want to win favor as a host who's mastered the art of making dry, smooth and delicious Martinis? Well, just remember it's the Vermouth that gives a Martini its flavor. That's why you'd best use the world-famous Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth—it's made especially for DRY MARTINIS!

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WHAT A PAST!

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1 TAKE A PEEK AT THIS PORTLY, sideburned gentleman in our tomato album and you'll see that great-grandad, too, was an "Aristocrat"! For over 50 years we've been scientifically crossbreeding seedlings to develop juicier, ruddier fruit of perfect flavor.

2 QUITE A GAY YOUNG BLADE—*living the life of* Riley—our "Aristocrat" at the turn of the century. As *all* Heinz tomatoes do, he spent *his days lazing in the sun*—while an experienced farmer watched him fatten to perfect, silk-skinned maturity!

3 WE'RE PROUD OF HIS ANCESTRY and his valuable *vitamins*—today's "Aristocrat"! Drink a glass of Heinz Tomato Juice and note the wholesome flavor—the *fresh* tang. This beverage is made from *vine-ripened* "aristocrat" tomatoes—picked, pressed and packed in a single day. Won't you try Heinz Tomato Juice with your meals—and between times?

HEINZ TOMATO JUICE

HEINZ TOMATO

it, you'd hardly know that a war was on.

AT the Academy, a cinema much patronized by the Pinkish-to-Red intelligentsia, a March of Time film is currently showing the growth of the Soviet war machine. It's worth recording that when Stalin appeared on the screen the other evening, a section of the audience broke into loud applause. The rest of the audience sat in stunned surprise, too astonished even to hiss, but roused itself a little later to cheer loyally when the King appeared in a newsreel. Both sides subsequently clapped Donald Duck to the echo.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

CITY MOON

The light of the city has murdered the light of the moon.
The moon will spin no moths, nor lift our eyes.
So much filament flares out of arc and iron,
While neon arrow leaps and electric fish
Bubble a tumult of rockets—oh, the moon, the moon
Is no great ghost now all the lights are on,
But a tin skull, a dead disc in the sky,
An old prop on a worn curtain, believed by no one.

Yet suddenly there, waiting in dark rooms,
It compels the hand from habit of the light switch,
Commands the window glass haunting the floor,
A glowing shape of silence breathing in sleep.
Neither now nor ever was it caught in the hands—
Cousin of water, symbol of love. Not anyone's hands.

—WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

•

What do people think when they meet you for the first time? They have so little to judge you by in casual encounters. There's your appearance, your speech—that's about all.

And if your speech is sprinkled with such crudities as "You was somewheres like I should," then your appearance, fine though it may be, counts little.

It's different when you speak correctly, say "You were somewhere as I should."

—*Newark Evening News.*

Maybe you better stake everything on your appearance.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE budget argument between the President and the Ohio Senator was not really exciting. We ancients say that Roosevelt-Taft controversies are not what they were when we were young.

•

Pat Harrison's plea for a Congressional study of the budget has fallen on deaf ears. In a campaign year, members of Congress would rather be public figures than see them.

•

World's Fair officials have invited the Quintuplets to take the place of the Soviet building. If Canada objects, they might exhibit some of those Finnish orphans that Stalin makes so well.

•

Because of war conditions and cold weather, there is a serious coal shortage in Germany. Not even Hitler can fuel all of the people all of the time.

•

We are astounded to learn that Great Britain is spending a million dollars an hour to carry on the war. Why, that is $40,000 more than it costs this country to carry on the peace!

•

This talk of a third term for F.D.R. is putting ideas into other people's heads. Now the Dies Committee is trying to get one for itself.

•

Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, of the Children's Bureau, holds that Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy" is an affront to American kiddies. Uncle Sam's chillun got shoes.

•

The Metropolitan has had a real-estate operation and is now expected to live. Grand opera is almost as hard to save as money and democracy.

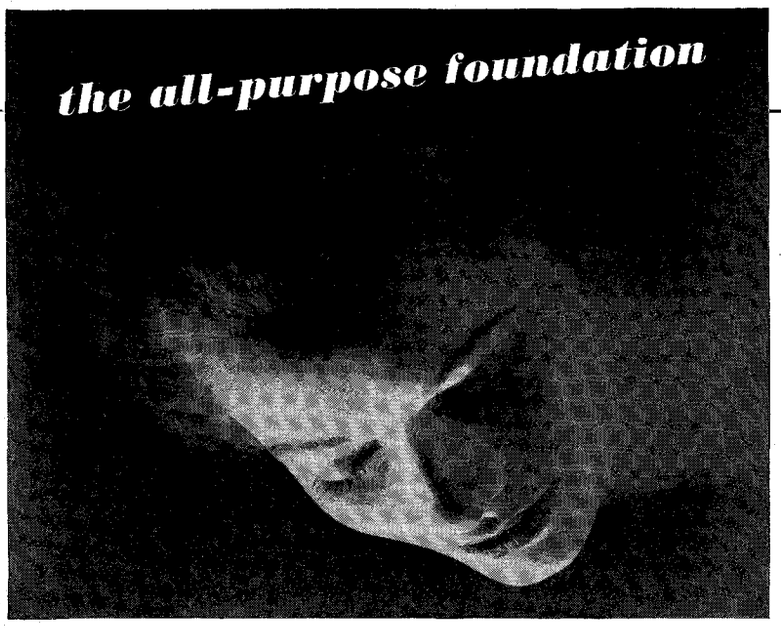
•

The United States Census is starting a quiz contest that no one can possibly win. If you don't reply, you are fined, but even if you give the right answers you get no handsome prize.

•

At a scientists' meeting in Philadelphia, it was asserted that it is a mistake for girls to marry dance-band leaders. Can this mean that it would be better to let the species die out?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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When Helena Rubinstein set out to create the perfect foundation, she instantly dismissed all the old-fashioned "coated" heavy types as drying and coarsening to the complexion! Her Town & Country Make-Up Film is as gossamer-light as it is long-lasting. A day-long beauty treatment . . . the smart woman's secret of how to hold that "exquisitely groomed look" all day! Your make-up STAYS fresh, stays smooth, stays even and luminous for hours. It CONCEALS blemishes, large pores, lines. It GUARDS your skin against pore-clogging, pore-enlarging impurities! PROTECTS it from chapping winds, drying sun and steam-heat! How it BENEFITS your skin . . . keeping it soft, delicate and young-looking . . . 1.50, 1.00

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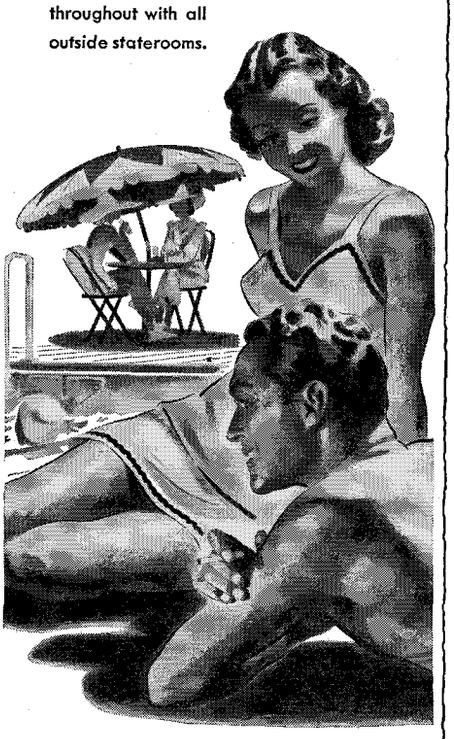
...as you take a dip in the sparkling pool... bask on inviting decks ... enjoy the congenial, happy tempo of these Caribbean *cruises. You delight in light hearted* entertainment...in dancing to a lilting orchestra...in food that's unsurpassed ...in ports that keep step with your holiday mood. Specially constructed for tropic service, your snowy American Flag liner is first class throughout with all outside staterooms.



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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 12 (BY CABLE)

ONE of the things that couldn't happen anywhere but here is Charles Trenet, who sings morbid songs in a circus with such hilarious enthusiasm that children scream with laughter when he shouts that he is a ghost making love to the wife of the man who shot him. Trenet is a very young man who has the honest pink face of an athletic shipping clerk from Astoria; he has been on a ten-day leave from an aviation field where he is a non-flying noncom. Like most French soldiers who have ways of earning money while they're back from the front, Trenet went to work as soon as his furlough began. Instead of choosing an intimate Dwight Fiske setting, he picked a circus ring, where he walks on his heels, jumps on a grand piano, and acts out the seduction of a waxwork marquise with such gaiety that nobody cares if his couplets happen to be bitter. Trenet is about twenty years younger than Maurice Chevalier and should outlast him if the Germans don't start bombing aviation fields.

Not all soldiers on leave are lucky enough to be musical stars, and a good many of the extra waiters whom restaurants put on during the holidays were fellows back from the front and trying to build up a reserve of spending money. A French soldier gets fifty centimes a day unless he is under fire, when he draws ten francs. It's a sizable raise, but a soldier-waiter at one of the big cafés recently told a customer that he had been through ten-franc days when he'd have been glad to settle for fifty centimes and relief from the firing.

Paris is really accepting the war as a part of its daily life now. A war play has arrived at last; it is called "The Black Folder" and stars Victor Francen and Gaby Morlay, the King Edward VII and Queen Victoria of the film "Entente Cordiale." Mlle. Morlay impersonates the Swiss mistress of a French industrialist in the first act, seems to be a German spy in the second, and reveals herself in the third as a very wonderful French counterspy, which makes everything perfect. When Morlay, trying to keep her incognito and her lover at the same time, says, "I am a German, but I am not a Nazi," Francen replies, "That's what they all say"—a line that brings down the house.

One of the most arresting surface phenomena here is the amount of German spoken; in a number of Czech and Viennese restaurants it is the predominant language. German-speaking aliens are being continually checked up on, but, although Parisians like to think that any German at large has been investigated by the police and found to be harmless, they keep on worrying.

THE Académie Française, which always has a long waiting list of aspirants, filled a lone vacancy yesterday by the election of Paul Hazard, a professor at the College of France who once lectured at Columbia and is therefore known to at least some Americans, which distinguishes him from seventy-five per cent of his immortal colleagues. M. Hazard is a lieutenant colonel at present, with a suite of offices in the Hôtel Continental, where he directs the more intellectual phases of French propaganda abroad; his academic specialty is comparative literature, and his greatest worry before the war began was the indifference of Anglo-Saxons to Racine. The reception given a new member of the Académie is always a bigger show than an election, so right now the principal interest among *aficionados* of the institution is the coming induction of Jérôme Tharaud, who was elected several months before M. Hazard. Members will wear green breeches and swords supposedly symbolizing the continuity of civilization, and the function is expected to have a reassuring effect on conservative readers of the *Journal des Débats*.

The race meeting at Vincennes is having a similarly reassuring effect on the great, solid public of *petits bourgeois* who like to have a bet down and enjoy taking apart the characters of trainers and jockeys after an afternoon which they think should have turned out more profitably. Vincennes has never been a fashionable track. Ten francs will get you there in a taxi; the cabs cruise the boulevards during the lunch hour picking up passengers, as they do on Broadway in Saratoga. This is a trotting meeting, but half the races are mounted trots—something the United States doesn't have. The trot jockeys

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are apt to be stocky middle-aged men who train horses and also race in sulkies. The average riding weight is 154 pounds, and a jockey's efforts seem to be mainly devoted to preventing his horse from being disqualified for breaking into a gallop; a nose-and-nose finish inevitably looks like a pulling match. When the race is over, all the holders of losing tickets laugh bitterly and hasten to buy tickets on the next one.

The Association for the Amelioration of the Half-Thoroughbred Horse, which controls trotting here, has gone in for a system of classification by initial letters: the names of all horses which are four years old this season begin with "O;" all five-year-olds have names starting with "N." Owners are driven to extreme lengths to find names—one colt who ran here the other day was called Ni Oui Ni Non II.

PEOPLE continue to be delighted by the events in Finland; the victories of the Finns sometimes seem almost too good to be real, and in the general jubilation it is hard to remember that the Russians are dying horribly.

Naturally, everybody would like to know what the Italians and the Hungarians are up to, but neither group has taken even Mme. Tabouis into its confidence. If the Balkan nations would only choose sides like boys before a baseball game, there might be a real war in the Near East this spring; if they don't choose sides, they may possibly be able to stay out of war altogether. Perhaps that is exactly what the Balkan politicians are thinking about.

In the meanwhile, the most pressing question in Paris is that of coffee. The government insists that there is coffee to be had; the grocers deny it. You can't even buy the tinned American brands which used to stay on grocers' shelves for years because they were so expensive, to say nothing of the fact that Parisians detested them. Large hotels and restaurants still have stocks, but some of the smaller places are beginning to run out. When a patron phones in advance to order a dinner of, say, frogs' legs and woodcock, both of which are plentiful, the proprietor is likely to ask him to bring the coffee for his party. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Reservation Coupon for one of the 523 slightly damaged sets of "THE 12 SECRETS TO QUICK SUCCESS."—*From a letter from Danforth Associates, Inc.*

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—processed for Crease Resistance!

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Tootal linen "Southerner" in sand beige, coral pink, duck-egg blue. $29.95. Matching hat, $5.95. Bag, $5.95.

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THE RACE TRACK

Hialeah Happenings

THE opening of the Miami Jockey Club's meeting last week was a triumph for winter racing. You could hardly pay attention to the horses in the paddock, what with all the sunshine fashions and new red sunburns to stare at. Hialeah Park never looked gayer or more tropical. Although the place has been almost perfect for a long while, Joe Widener manages to think up at least one innovation every year; the most talked-about one this season is the reserved-seat section in the Hialeah Club's penthouse—two rows of cushioned, wicker chairs set in pairs along the front of the balcony, with a table between each pair. The architects who plan the new tracks we're going to have in New York, each of which, I understand, may have to seat 25,000 to comply with the law, might remember this little number when the time comes.

As for the racing, Maetall, who hadn't been out since the fag end of Saratoga last August, won the Hialeah Inaugural Handicap on the opening day from Cardinalis, Great Union, and ten others—including Speed to Spare, who led for half a mile and then ran out of speed. Warren Wright had one of those afternoons that come only once in a while; his Calumet Farm runners won three races. A number of owners would have settled for one. "Just let me give you an idea of how hard it is to win anything," I heard the trainer of another big stable say to a friend. "My boss comes out only when I think I'm going to run a winner for him, and so far I've disappointed him four times."

The Hialeah track appears to be unusually fast. For example, Buttermilk, who is no better than Class C in my book, and maybe not that good, surprised everyone last Saturday by setting a track record of 1:56⅘ for a mile and a sixteenth. The same afternoon something named Charlieinfeld ran a quarter of a mile in 21⅘ seconds; my favorite clocker, Owl Eyes, says Man o' War never ran the first part of a race much faster than that. As for odds, Maemante started things that day by popping home and paying $16.20 in the tote. Then Miss Gino won at $15.10, Buttermilk

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at $37.70, Dunade at $34.50, and Lackawanna at $20. Amateur handicappers went away seeing black spots and red figures before their eyes.

IT'S hard to say much right now about the new two-year-olds because they skitter so when they're on the Nursery Course, but they seem a better-than-average lot. William Boeing won the first Eastern race for juveniles with a filly by Chance Shot called Chance Cut; even so, I like two others in the stable better, especially for their names. One is Soul of Wit, a colt by Brevity; Boeing was quite surprised that, despite all the little sons and daughters of Brevity beginning to scamper about, this name hadn't already been claimed. The other is Iron Mike, who is by Mate. Iron Mike is what seamen call a device that steers a ship automatically.

My choice of the two-year-olds I've seen is Maemante, a full sister of Alfred Vanderbilt's Airflame. Dewitt Page, who owns Maemante, acquired another winner, Miss Frances, the other day, and promptly changed her name to Maegay. Page starts the names of all his horses with "Mae," to which he adds a syllable or two from the name of the animal's sire or dam. In his time, Page has achieved some very odd names indeed.

IT'S annoying coming back from the races, especially if you've had a bad day, to have some frisky tout toss handfuls of what are apparently his selections for the day into your car. These may impress you unless you happen to know that they are printed after most of the races have been run. I liked the way the catchpoles disposed of three such fellows at Hialeah: they arrested them on a charge of throwing rubbish on a highway.

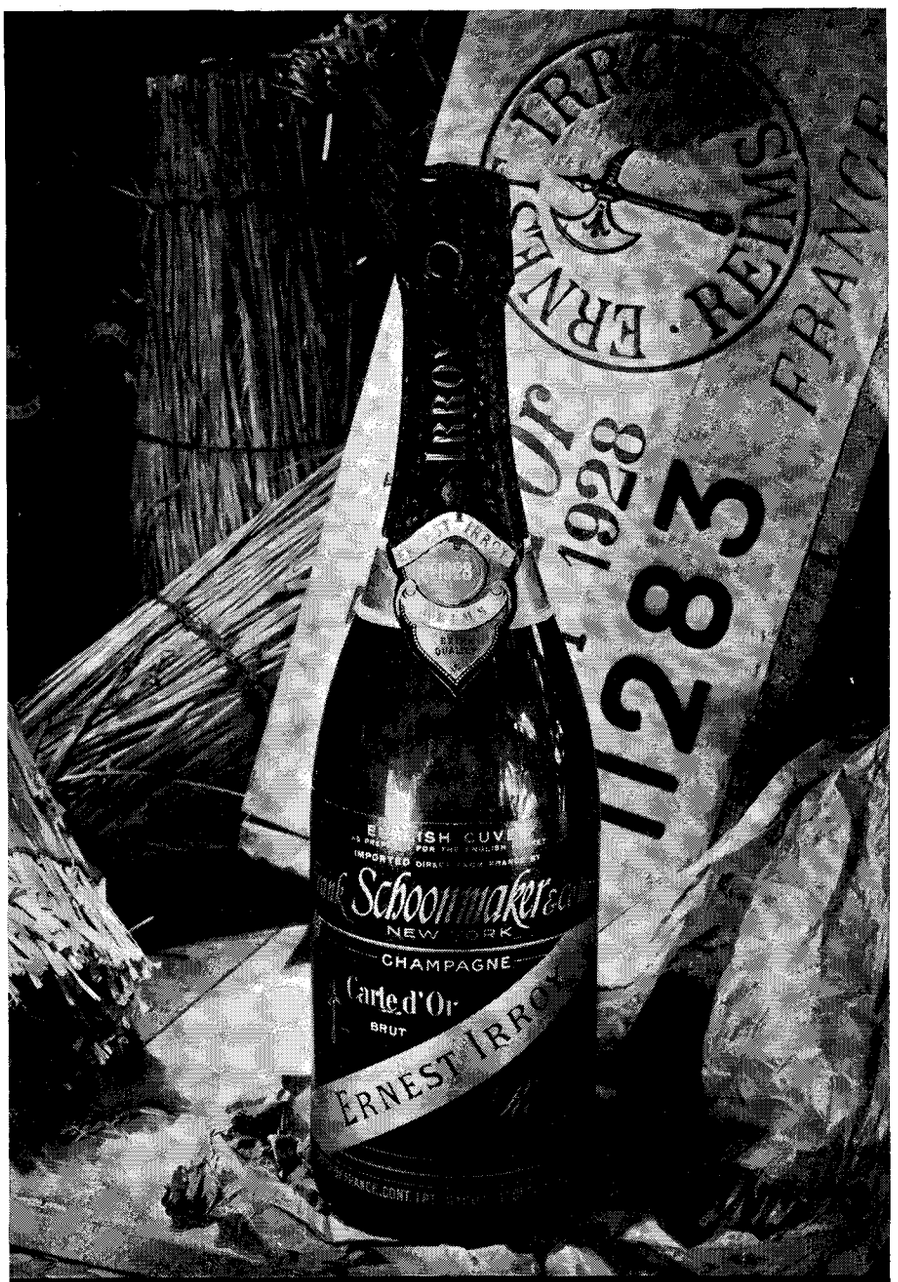
NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: A visiting Kentuckian called the race run on the turf "the steeplechase," but the Hon. George protests it was much too good for that. . . . Lester Doctor says he won't go swimming any more because the sea is mined. . . . Colonel Martingale is taking off for the Havana opening. —AUDAX MINOR

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Westchester edition of Cue*]

VILLAGE TAVERN—Scarsdale. (Garth Rd. Tel. 33). An old English tavern for lunch or supper before the movies, where each waitress mixes her own cocktails.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WITH good taste rare in a business that is usually far too opportunistic, the fashion world has sidestepped styles which would be a reminder of the current difficulties in Europe. However, it is to be remembered that a touch of military inspiration has always been highly regarded because it gives dash to tailored suits, whose main appeal is the neatness and sharp fit of a uniform. Altman is showing a group, called Federal Fashions because the clothes seem to derive their inspiration from Colonial and Civil War dress. The militaristic aspect is sufficiently toned down, though, to make the clothes as wearable as that good navy-blue serge suit of other days.

One suit of navy-blue wool has a short, fitted jacket boasting a cape back edged with grosgrain ribbon, and is accompanied by a circular skirt. Federal blue (a soft, bluish gray) is the color of a wool jacket fashioned with high revers and a narrow, double-breasted line of buttons; soft-blue flecked tweed makes a jacket that has military gold-metal buttons and fringed epaulettes. On the other hand, you may prefer double-breasted gray flannel, trimmed with flat, dull gold-metal buttons. Suits range from about $30 to $70. Among the ensembles, the topcoats (they cost around $50) that go with the two-piece suits have a way of carrying out the lines of the longish jacket beneath. A fitted blue wool affair has black soutache frogs fastening it down the front; another is of navy-blue wool and has a round, collarless neck, brass buttons, and a knapsack pocket at one side lined with red suède. Then there are separate topcoats, such as a collarless one of black nubbly wool with large dispatch pockets, and some of thin black wool with silk fringe epaulettes and tucked detail to emphasize the long waistline in back; or you can get a swagger military cape of navy wool with a bright-red crêpe lining and slashes for your arms. All, despite their essential usefulness, have a definite overlay of piquancy—an ideal combination, to my mind.

Down at Best, you will find a collection of simple, thin woollen dresses in pastel colors, to give a lift to the sameness of that day-in-day-out winter coat. Soft-blue ones with round, self-stitched collarless necks have big gathered pockets on the skirt, and tailored gray affairs with high turn-over collars display silver-metal buttons down the front. These are $29.95. Best also makes quite a fuss over various shades of green—a sea-foam checked dress has a standing Chinese collar tying under the chin; another of budding-leaf green has a zipper front and brass-studded pigskin belt; a third, in a reseda sort of green, has buttons down the back and appliqué emphasizing the lowish waistline. There are matching draped turbans to make a costume of these. You would be hard put to it, however, to discover draped turbans among the wave of hats composed of white flowers. Most of them are tiny and flippant, whether they're made of massed white clover with a red mesh veil and snood, of white azaleas with a purple veil to match the purplish centres, of violets with a green velvet bow and streamers, or whatever. All of which is to make you feel springlike until the first snowdrop sends the milliners scampering for heavy felts.

Bonwit Teller carry the Galahood for the benefit of people headed South, but that is no reason it should not come in handy for many sports occasions in other climates. It's a contraption of dull rayon jersey that pulls tightly over the head and fits snugly around the throat, leaving your face exposed in an oval from the chin to a point just above the widow's peak, and it spreads out around the shoulders like a knight's casque. (Galahood, Galahad—get it?) There has been a lot of loose talk about hoods protecting the coiffure, which is funny in view of the fact that most of them are placed in gingerly fashion over it, so that the slightest breeze could dislodge both hood and coiffure. The Galahoods, though, not only are attractive but will actually hold you together in speedboats, rumble seats, on ski slopes, or anywhere. They come in all kinds of colors and cost $5.

NIP-UPS IN THE BEAUTY BIZ: Helena Rubinstein comes forward with a new stunt called a Fingertip Masque, which has the worthy objec-

"It happened like this. One day Miss Arden was looking at a beautiful sunset . . ."

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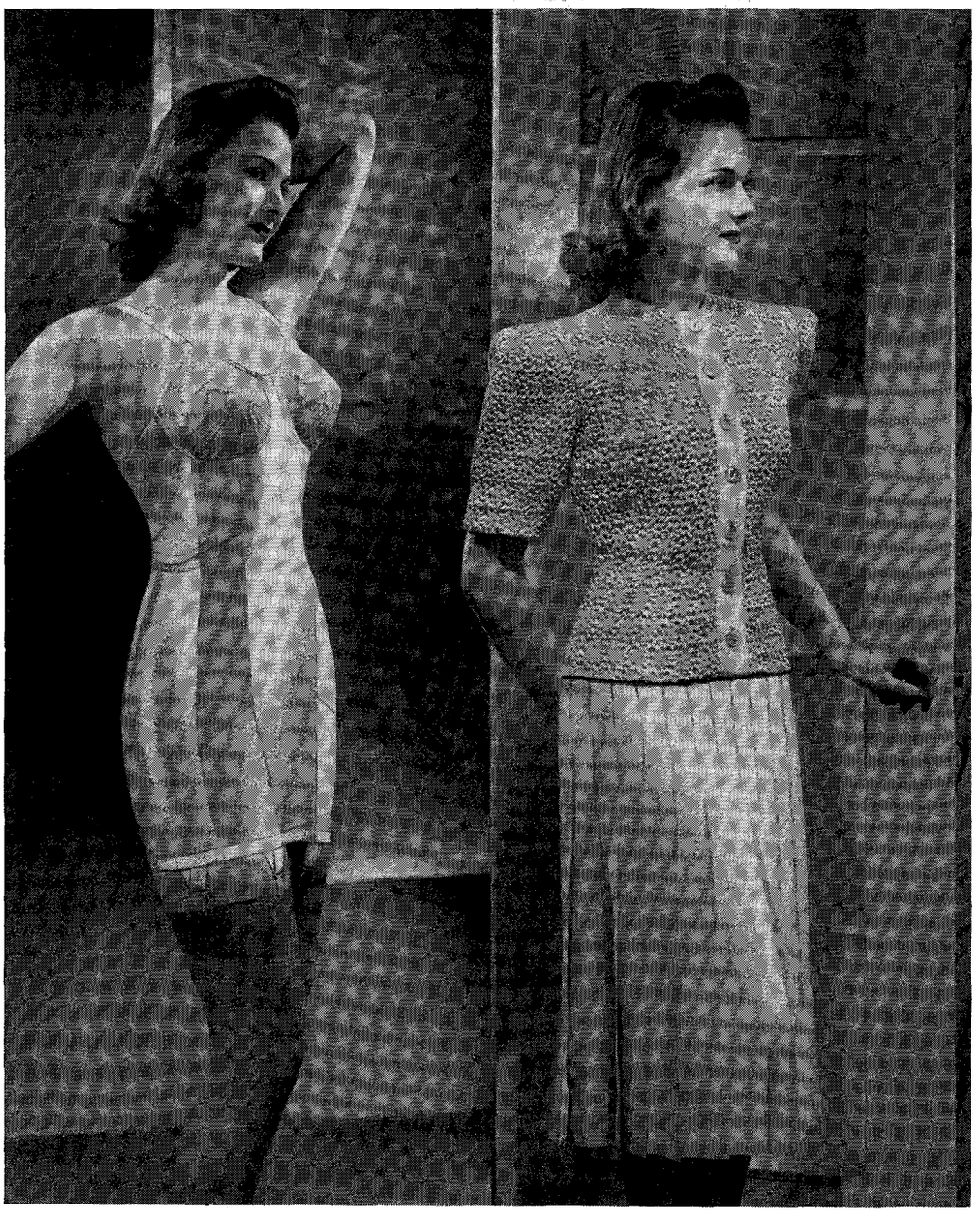
THE DOORWAY TO THIS BETTER FIT AND GREATER COMFORT



within and without

is always open at

Burdine's
MIAMI AND THE BEACH
Sunshine Fashions

For instance, you begin with a Sunshine Fashion Corselette—for the slender to average figure. Its panels of *one-way (vertical) stretch* satin alternate with panels of *two-way stretch*, reinforced web—all made with "Lastex" yarn. Without benefit of boning, this garment exerts the smooth, firm, criss-cross control over waist, bust and hip so desired this season. Alençon lace bust, back slide fastener, adjustable shoulder straps. Next, Kneelast hose, their strain-absorber tops made with "Lastex" yarn.

Then into a charming two-piece street dress in chalk crepe—your choice of tropical pink, azure or bird's egg blue, white or primrose yellow. Wide pleated skirt in plain fabric. The jacket blouse is all-over shirred with "Lastex" yarn for snug but comfortable fit, with matching pearl buttons. And so it goes at Burdine's, as at other leading stores now having resort showings. Hail to a new season of apparel for the inner and outer woman, made with "Lastex" yarn in its many and various applications.

Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company
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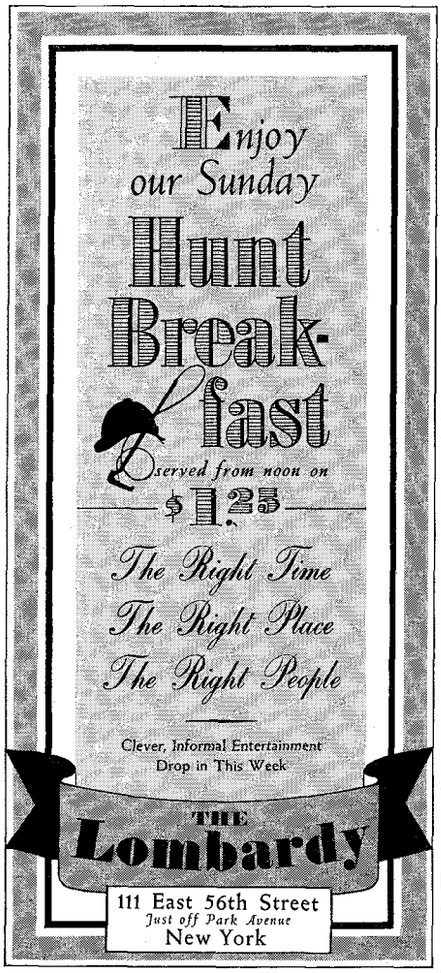

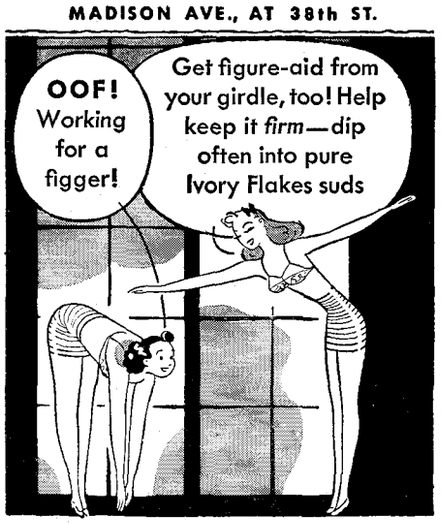

tive of keeping your nails and cuticle soft in harsh weather and the advantage of amusing you while it's being applied. When you have your manicure, they heat up pale-green wax in a double boiler. Into this, you dip your fingers to stimulate circulation, and upon withdrawing them, you find they look just like ten pale-green candles—a phascinating phenomenon. When the wax is dry, the attendant lifts it off, revealing nails and cuticle that are soft and shining; then polish is applied. (N.B. The cuticle stays noticeably softer than usual for many days.) The price, $2, includes this diversion and a complete manicure and hand massage as well. . . . I am always astounded by the number of otherwise intelligent women who don't know about Scandia products—especially the wonderful Crème Rose, which is a strawberry face cream, and the Crème pour le Bain, a thin cream that you apply to chapped surfaces *before* getting into the tub. You emerge with your skin smooth and soft, and there's no oily surplus to get on your clothes; $3.75 at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . While we're on the subject of things to keep you dulcet to the touch, the new Hinds Hand Cream (made by the honey-and-almond boys) rates huzzahs. When you apply it, it is absorbed into the hands almost instantly and leaves them not at all sticky. Office workers, the most persnickety critics of hand creams, tell me that in Hinds they have at last found their Ideal. You can get this cream everywhere, even at the five-and-ten. . . . Macy is making much of its bath preparations, which enable you to give yourself a Swedish bath right in your own home. These involve a ceremonial procedure: you start with an Olja salt rub and apply liquid almond soap; then you step into a bath full of Seafoam salts, which give the water a greenish, milky tinge and do *not* leave green rings around the tub. In this tub you soak. A brisk going-over with eau de cologne and bath powder finishes things off. This solemn and enjoyable rite, I may add, definitely induces a sense of health and well-being.

TWO years ago we made shy mention of a genius named B. Nelson, of 10 East 39th Street, and ever since people have kept asking for his name and address. He is a man who repairs beloved old shoes; they come back looking new enough to make you feel smug at a débutante tea. He can cut down oxfords into pumps, change open toes to closed or vice versa, remove those wedge soles that turned out to be so clumsy when you got them home and replace them with conventional soles and Cuban or French heels; there is no rejuvenating job the man can't do. I just thought I'd tell you again. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Down Where It's Warm

INSPIRED perhaps by the prospect of a neo-1928 season in the South, the designers for a number of shops where resort clothes are given serious attention have hit upon, each in his own way, happy solutions of the problem of color in men's swimming trunks. Working separately and using a variety of materials and patterns, they have produced results which, in contrast to the Hawaiian prints of the all too recent past, present a masculine appearance. This winter, trunks are bright and gay enough for the most tropical of beaches, but mostly they have been designed with restraint and careful avoidance of anything freakish or sensational.

Saks-Fifth Avenue have done well in this matter by working out a pair of trunks in lightweight flannel (it dries quickly, you know) with checks in two shades of green, blue, or brown on a white background; the piping and belt are in darker shades of the color. These are $7.50. So are some new knitted wool trunks in bright solid colors at Sulka, 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd). These just pull on, and stay up simply because they fit so snugly—no fussing around with belt or fasteners. Abercrombie & Fitch show belted trunks, also at $7.50, made of a coarse cotton with thin, gay stripes running vertically on a copper-colored background that almost resembles a deep tan. The fabric, which is made in Norway, has just enough give for comfort. Finally, Brooks has some trunks made of India-print madras in crude native vegetable-dye patterns which appealed to me; one pattern I liked has a black background crisscrossed by green lines. These trunks are high-waisted and have lacing in back, and you can wear them with or without a belt.

Sulka has some imported linens with sea horses, cockleshells, starfish, and such beautifully printed on them, and stands ready to make a beach robe out of whichever one you select. Wanamaker shows a gay robe of rough cotton with Hindu striping—bands of yellow, red, and blue on an orange background—and Lord & Taylor have one made of what

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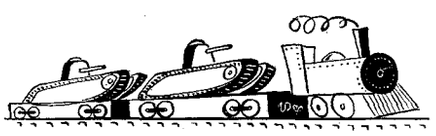
they insist is seersucker, although you'd never guess it, for there are brightly colored checks or plaids all over it. At any rate, they tell us, sand and sea won't hurt it. This is priced at $5. For beach shirts, Brooks offers some fine striped cotton jerseys with short sleeves and crew necks. Equally simple is Macy's arrangement called the Puka, a straight-hanging Hawaiian shirt of natural-color rayon, which has a pleasing lack of pretentiousness about it. Beach suits, those shirt-and-slack ensembles for wear either on the beach or further back from the water, are still around. One at Lord & Taylor consists of a cotton shirt and rayon trousers, and you have a choice of blue, tan, brown, or green; another, at Macy, is an all-cotton combination of a shirt with a hound's-tooth check and trousers in solid color.

Some giant beach towels (they're 58 by 80 inches) at Brooks make handy accessories, since they're good for sitting on as well as for drying purposes. If you think you're likely to be taking a lot of gear along with you to the beach, you might consider getting one of the spacious carryalls I saw at Abercrombie. It's made of brown canvas, leather-trimmed, has a zipper, and folds up into a canvas envelope when not in use.

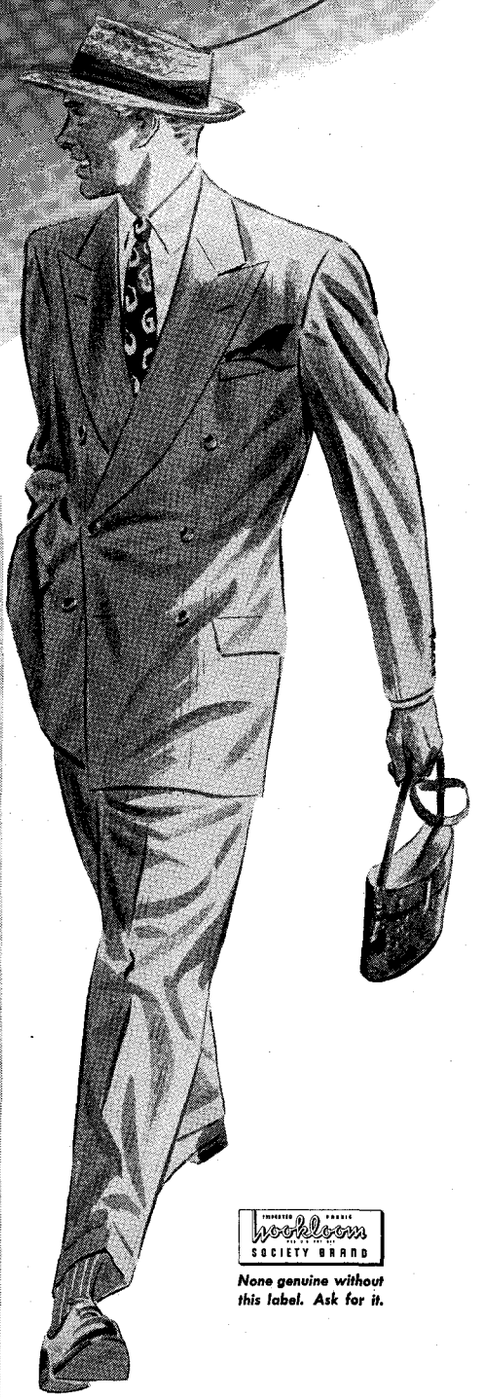
A LINEN suit, as everybody knows, is an awfully handy thing to have on any Southern jaunt. You can find one almost anywhere, but some I saw at Brooks, in a pleasantly old-fashioned écru shade, struck me as especially desirable. It's always a surprise to find how many uses such a suit, or parts of it, can be put to, and just for the fun of it I thought up a few combinations based on things I happened to see around the shops. For instance, the coat would go well with the lightweight gray flannel slacks in a faint herringbone pattern at De Pinna, or with the white sailcloth shorts, cut long on English lines, at Nica-Rattner, a new haberdasher at 696 Fifth Avenue (55th). As for the trousers of the suit, some men might like to wear them with a lightweight tan flannel sport shirt similar to one I saw at William McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue (55th); it's an imported pullover model with a zipper fastener at the neck and half-length sleeves. You can probably make up dozens of other combinations, and then, too, the original



FOR THE 1940 RESORT SEASON ★

Society Brand
HOOKLOOM
SUITS

PREVIEW BY
Burdine's
MIAMI AND THE BEACH
Sunshine Fashions



Imported, exclusive HOOKLOOM, the aristocrat of summer suits is again featured in Society Brand clothes for the 1940 resort season by Burdines. This cool, crisp luxurious fabric is presented in richly distinctive tropical resort colors for Miami wear during the season and "back home" all next summer.

Society Brand Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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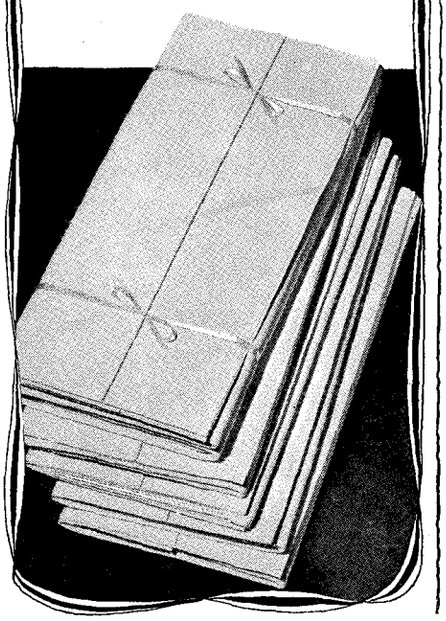

coat and trousers always look very well together.

AMONG the new hats at Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), one that I particularly admired is a leghorn with a solid-color puggree band and a brim which looks equally well up or down—a rather unusual attribute in a hat, I think. It comes in natural color or brown, and costs $10. Abercrombie has these hats, too. De Pinna displays a natural-color, porous straw hat called Hanoki, which also has a puggree band and a pinched crown and is fine for men who prefer the felt-hat shape even in straws.

Norwegian moccasins, which are now sold by most of the shops, are especially good for the South. For the man who otherwise uses color sparingly in his dress, Saks-Fifth Avenue suggest a serviceable oxford with rubber soles and a buckskin upper dyed yellow; under the Southern sun and below a pair of very unobtrusive slacks, the effect might not be too frightening. These are $6 a pair. Tripler has another idea: blue canvas sandals with rope soles ($2.50), and I found them admirable.

Abercrombie's newest cravats are made of handkerchief linen, lined, printed with colorful summery figures, and quite cool-looking. Countess Mara, 338 Park Avenue (51st), has ties, made of printed white silk, which give the same cooling effect. Tripler has some attractive ties of hand-blocked India silk. —PLAID

•

Papua will soon issue a series of five air mail stamps, depicting King George as well as an airplane flying over two Papuans in their porabadas, or outrigger boats.—*Herald Tribune Books.*

There's a monarch for you.

•

Mrs. Charles A. Bogert, Slocum Avenue, spent last week with Mrs. Allen Troupe, formerly of Slocum Avenue, who left Englewood to live in New Haven, where Mr. Troupe is on the faculty of Harvard Law School.—*Englewood Press.*

Pretty vague for a lawyer.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Wilton (Conn.) Bulletin*]

"The Secret of Suzanne" is the story of Count Gil. Married but a month, he suspects his wife of infidelity. He is pleasantly surprised to find that she is merely a cigarette smoker and all ends happily.

Here's a Thrill For Your Palate And a Rare Treat For Your Guests

To put everyone in rapture serve CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY and scream success! For dinners, cocktail parties, buffet suppers, hors d'oeuvres, and canapés. This deliciously different delicacy will hurl the most blasé cosmopolite into ecstasies.

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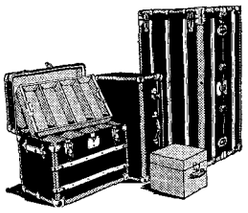
Luggage

for Winter Travel



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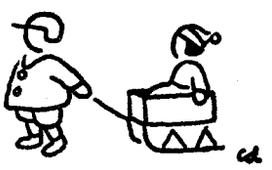
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

THE BLACK BEAR AND MR. VANDERBILT

DULUTH, JANUARY 10

UNTIL Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the lecturer, brought the news recently that Hitler is forging chains for America, Duluth rated as its worst scare the time that a 350-pound black bear broke into the Hotel Duluth coffee shop. That was on August 28, 1929. The bear, who as far as anybody knows had wandered into town from the woods nearby—no doubt for a cup of coffee—appeared in front of the shop at 5:55 A.M., looked things over, broke a plate-glass window with one tap of his powerful paw, and climbed in. Once inside the shop, which was dark, the bear knocked over a few tables and headed for the kitchen. The kitchen, however, was not on the ground floor but on a balcony at the head of a staircase. By the time the bear found this out, Albert Nelson, the house detective, was stationed at the head of the stairs holding an upraised chair. Nelson, who carried no pistol, had been sitting in the lobby when he heard the window crash, had sprinted into the coffee shop from the lobby, and had turned on the lights. As the bear started up the steps, growling, Nelson let fly with the chair and toppled him back to the lower level. Again the bear started up and again Nelson stopped him with a chair. This went on for some time, until an apparently drunken stranger leaped into the room by way of the broken window, waving a hammer and clamorously announced that he had seen the bear break in. Swinging the hammer wildly, he chased the bear around the room and forced him into a corner. Then the bear rallied and charged the stranger, who thereupon dropped the hammer and fled through the window. He did not return and the hotel management never found out who he was or where he got the hammer.



Meanwhile, the night clerk, a man named Delaney, had given a perfect demonstration of correct procedure in the emergencies which beset hotel staffs. Instead of notifying the police, Delaney had telephoned upstairs to the assistant manager, who came down in his bathrobe. The assistant manager looked over the situation and decided that the police ought to be notified. Shouting encouragement to Nelson, who was cocking his eleventh chair, he put in a call for help. A squad of police, headed by a Sergeant Lebeau, responded. Lebeau killed the bear by shooting him behind the ear with a repeating rifle. Afterward the carcass was stuffed, and today it stands on display in the coffee-shop window, a symbol of Duluth's undiminished capacity for meeting the wilderness on its own terms.

MR. VANDERBILT smashed no plate-glass window, but he burst upon the consciousness of Duluth in a way that was quite as upsetting. The scene was the Pilgrim Congregational Church, where Mr. Vanderbilt, sponsored by the Duluth Woman's Club, gave a lecture titled "Interviews on the Eve of the War." I am able to report on what happened because I was there, having paid an admission charge of forty-five cents. As I arrived, Mr. Vanderbilt was sitting on the platform listening to the chairman describe him as "a world-famous journalist, an author and traveller who has met every crowned head in Europe." He was wearing a tuxedo and he had the abstracted look common to lecturers while being introduced. His hair was gray and his figure showed signs of portliness, which I had not expected. A moment after the introduction ended, Mr. Vanderbilt sprang toward the lectern, head lowered. From somewhere, possibly from beneath his jacket, he whisked a gas mask and quickly put it on. Then, for what seemed five or six seconds, he just stood there in his unearthly false face, looking out over the heads of the crowd. Finally, in a querulous, high-pitched voice, words began issuing through the mask, muffled but audible.

"This," the voice said, "is God's likeness and image in Europe tonight!"

After this dramatic opening, which succeeded in getting his audience into an obvious state of nerves, he laid aside the mask and shifted abruptly into a chatty account of his adventures in foreign courts. He told what King Carol had said to him, what he himself had said to Mussolini, and what the King of Greece had remarked about Hitler during after-dinner charades. He told of having tea with his very dear friends the Windsors, of going to the opera with Admiral Horthy, of taking Stalin for a ride in his automobile trailer, and so on. Mr. Vanderbilt referred to the Duchess of Windsor as Wally.

On the whole, his talk was more hair-raising than satisfying. The speaker had a habit of jumping from one topic to another. When he reached something that promised to be hot, he backed away, saying, "I don't want to make a diplomatic incident, so that's all I can say for the present." Or he would say, "I wish I could go into that a little more, but it might cause an international break." One got the impression that the State Department and the speaker understood each other.

Mr. Vanderbilt, it was easy to see, considered Hitler a monster who is plotting to take over America and make us all slaves. He didn't like Stalin, either. He said that both were behind subversive movements in the United States. With fervor, he exhorted Duluth to form a citizens' committee and to "ferret them out." At this point he explained that he was not making a lecture tour but was conducting a one-man crusade to awaken America to the menace of subversive elements. He said that he had spoken already in forty-four cities and that just before making one address he had been accosted by two young men who warned him that they would beat him up if he criticized Stalin or Hitler. He said that he had ignored the threat and, after his talk, had reported the incident to the local office of the Department of Justice. The audience almost visibly shuddered. A couple of minutes later Mr. Vanderbilt, who by now had hit his stride, was shouting, "Wake up, fellow-citizens! Wake up, fellow-Americans! Christianity or chaos? Which one is it going to be?" Having had my money's worth, I quietly left my seat, which was on the aisle, and sneaked toward an exit. I never went back to see if Mr. Vanderbilt had been stuffed.

—JACK ALEXANDER

•

SALE TODAY

What syrup, what immoderate sweet,
  Sticky and sharp and strong,
Wafting its poison through the street,
  Has lured this buzzing throng
That swarms along the counters there
  Where bargain bait is dangled—
Clustered like flies in honeyed snare,
  Shrill, cross, and well entangled?

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

•

So an incident of a typical day might be Carole Lombard's walking slowly up and down in front of David Selznick in the dresses she is to wear for a forthcoming film. Selznick has a flare for clothes and costumes.—*Henry Pringle in Life.*

Pyromania?

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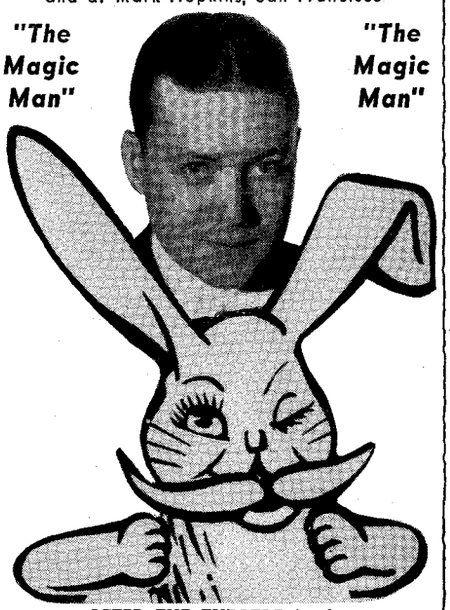

AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar
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and his Orchestra
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FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STREETS

NIGHT OUT

IT was eleven-thirty when Edith Shea called, and Mr. Courtney was already in bed. "It's about Daniel," she said. "He went out for a drink after you left us and he keeps calling me."

Mr. Courtney turned on the light beside his bed. At noon the next day he had to be in Washington, alert and aggressive, on his firm's business. He had meant to go early this evening, but the Sheas had come to town and he had stayed to dine with them. If he could get Daniel to the Hotel Lockwood, where he belonged, and be back in his own apartment by one o'clock, everything would still be all right.

"He says he's in Larry's on Forty-ninth Street," the voice on the other end of the wire explained. "He says there's somebody there I should meet. A matador, he says. Darling, I *know* someone's trying to rob him, and I wondered . . . Oh, would you mind?"

When Mr. Courtney reached Larry's, he saw Daniel with his back to the bar. Beside him stood a truculent, dark little man who was running the flame of a match back and forth beneath his finger and glaring at Daniel. "Well, hello!" Mr. Courtney said.

Daniel did not seem to know that Mr. Courtney had joined the fun, or even that he was there at all. The dark man lit another match, and Daniel kept on nodding like a great mechanical toy. Mr. Courtney watched three performances in courteous silence. The minutes were passing.

"Now, I wonder how he does *that*," Mr. Courtney said.

"Thermodynamics," said Daniel. "Doesn't hurt him a bit." He turned to Mr. Courtney for the first time, smiled, and asked him to have a drink. Mr. Courtney said he was on the wagon.

"The old acid condition, eh?" Daniel said. "I tell you what, Charlie, *I'll* have a drink!"

"Have it on me," Mr. Courtney said. "Sort of a stirrup cup before we move along. We might even have it on the way, instead."

"Good idea," said Daniel. "Absolutely, we ought to be getting on."

Mr. Courtney started toward the door and then realized that Daniel was not with him. The dark man had intercepted Daniel and had his cane. The man also had a napkin hanging over his left arm. He aimed the cane across it and stood on tiptoe. After a moment Daniel bent slowly from the waist.

The bullfight was mercifully brief. Four *veronicas* and the kill, then Daniel straightened up. "All right, give it here," he said kindly. The man handed over the cane and went to the bar.

"GREAT fellow," Daniel said to Mr. Courtney as they emerged into the winter night. "Heart of a child."

Mr. Courtney suggested that they take a cab, but Daniel wanted to walk. "The Cotton Club's at Forty-eighth Street, isn't it?" he said. "Straight across from here."

As they walked west, Mr. Courtney controlled his growing panic. He couldn't, by a single stroke, get Daniel into a cab and home. What was necessary was to take him there by a series of short moves, avoiding Times Square. While he was wondering just where to turn south, they walked to Madison Avenue. It was already after twelve.

"What are we doing this for?" Daniel asked suddenly. "Take us all night to get there. You'd think you could find a taxi somewhere in a city this size!" He stepped to the curb and began to wave.

Mr. Courtney saw that they were standing outside a large hotel. "How about a stop-off?" he said. "How about this place?"

WHILE Mr. Courtney sipped very delicately at the top of a highball, Daniel made friends with the bartender, who was French.

"My brother *teaches* French," Daniel said to the bartender. "*Je marche à gauche. Je marche à droite.*" He strode left and right in front of the bar. "That's about all I know. Child's play to you, I suppose."

They left the bar at a quarter after one. Daniel was singing "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Mr. Courtney looked at his watch ostentatiously. "Getting on to my bedtime," he said. "How about just a quiet drink and then call it a night?"

"Tired?" Daniel said. "What you need is exercise. Get out in the air. Go live in the wilds. Did you ever hear of a tired Indian?"

"There's a nice little hole we might try down your way—down on Thirty-third—"

"Race you to the corner," Daniel said. "Go on. Give you a head start."

He was facing west. Mr. Courtney looked south on Madison Avenue, saw no one near, and desperately ran toward Forty-eighth Street. In a few seconds, over the pounding of his own blood, he heard Daniel come up behind him. Daniel put his hand kindly on Mr. Courtney's shoulder and jogged the rest of

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the distance with him. "Charlie," he said when they reached the corner, "you sure need exercise. And you don't want this street anyhow. Race you back."

Daniel was waiting on the Forty-ninth Street corner and, when Mr. Courtney came up, hailed a taxicab and helped him in. "The Cotton Club," he said to the driver. Mr. Courtney was as close to tears as he had been in many years. He leaned through the window and with simple authority told the driver to go to the Hotel Lockwood no matter what else he might be asked to do. The driver told Mr. Courtney to make up his mind.

"Indians have a good life," Daniel was saying. "I never did get over wanting to be one. Used to pretend I was descended from Daniel Boone and an Iroquois squaw. I doubt now if he ever met one, but it gave me a wild outlook. Taught me to shoot straight, a thing every American boy should learn. I had a BB gun, I remember . . ."

The cab had turned south on Sixth Avenue without Daniel's noticing. It stopped for a red light. Two doors from the corner was a shooting gallery. Daniel saw it and climbed out.

THE shooting gallery closed at half past two. Daniel had had a wonderful time and had been skillful at many difficult games, and he was dry. Mr. Courtney said why didn't they go to the Lockwood and get a drink there. And he could say goodbye to Edith again.

"My God!" Daniel said. "I've done a terrible thing, Charlie! I told Edith to meet me at Larry's. Come on, we've got to find her!"

He started away, but Mr. Courtney seized him. "Listen, Edith is at the hotel. She asked me to find you and take you there. She was worried and I was worried. But I have to work. I'm not like you. I have to sleep. I told her I'd take care of you, so now, please, Daniel, why the hell don't we go *home?*"

Daniel did not seem to be listening. He was thinking, and his face was troubled. "Charlie," he said, "any other time I wouldn't run out on a party. You know that. But what I did to Edith, letting her take a chance like that—"

"Let's go to her right away," said Mr. Courtney.

"Would you mind?" Daniel hailed a taxi and told the driver to go to the Hotel Lockwood. "She's going to be tickled to death to see you," he said, putting his arms affectionately around Mr. Courtney's shoulders. "Don't get to see half enough of you, Charlie. I hate that."

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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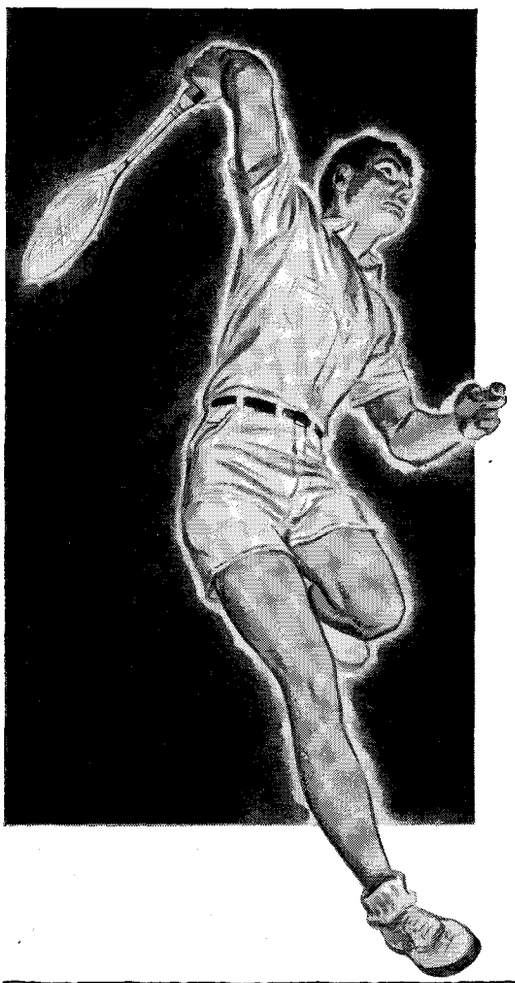

THERE are many expressive slang terms which aptly describe the accompanying badminton illustration—"on the ball", "in the groove", "shooting par", "on top of the game"—all denoting that the player is at his best.

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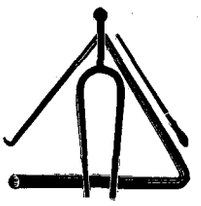
More Novelties



THE Ballet Theatre, which is scheduled to appear at the Center Theatre through February 3rd, Sundays excepted, is an enterprising, alert group whose interests range from the traditional choreographic festivities to such innovations as a "balletplay" by William Saroyan. This contribution, in which there is dialogue as well as dancing, is "The Great American Goof." The program contains a short essay by Mr. Saroyan, who, discussing ballet and the world, remarks that "what this ballet says is that you need six or seven thousand years to get this place out of the idiot nightmare it's in now." In the choreography of Eugene Loring, the balletplay isn't so Deep as you might expect. Some of it is confusing, but much is easy enough to follow, and some is fun—and not unintentional fun, either. The music by Henry Brant, an exceptionally talented young composer, is a cleverly scored obligato for the action. Saroyan fans will dote on "The Great American Goof," anti-Saroyans probably won't go anyhow, and the reasonably impartial balletomane will find the balletplay an ingenious offering, with an excellent performance by Mr. Loring as the principal actingdancer.

Mr. Loring also is a principal in Adolph Bolm's ballet version of Serge Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," a simple and effective adaptation in movement of one of the most ingratiating of modern orchestral compositions. This presentation could stand further working out of details, and the Wolf might be converted into more of a wolfish wolf than the wolf in gangster clothing he is now. The Bolm choreography, however, is essentially right. Mr. Loring and his associates dance brightly, and it's a good bet that the Ballet Theatre has a hit in this production.

Many eminences are involved in this group—too many to list now. Still, special credit is due Alexander Smallens' conducting of the new works and Miss Lucinda Ballard's settings for "Peter and the Wolf."

OF the two most important novelties heard in Carnegie Hall last week, one had its first hearing over a hundred

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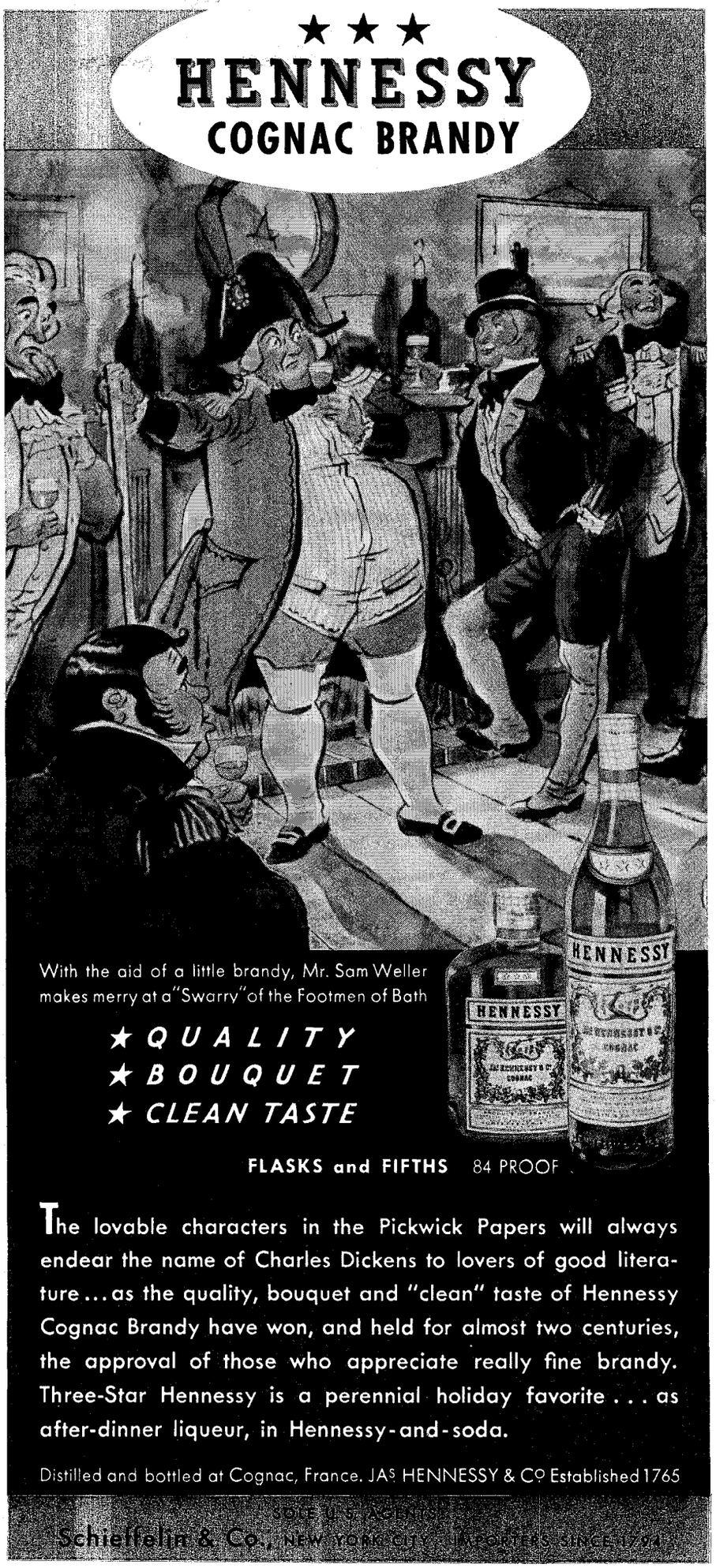
and fifty years ago and the other was completed in 1938. The elder novelty was Mozart's Great Mass in C-minor, unpublished in Mozart's time, and not made available until 1901, when Alois Schmitt assembled all extant fragments and pieced together a plausible version of the piece. Since then the Mass somehow has been overlooked in New York. It isn't consistently impressive, and even those who keel over in awe when Mozart's name is mentioned may find disappointing stretches. Nevertheless, there is remarkable music in it, and Hugh Ross and the Schola Cantorum performed a notable service in presenting the Mass. The efficient singing of the chorus was supplemented by at least one striking solo performance, and a distinguished solo in a choral work nowadays is practically news. This was contributed by Miss Harriet Henders, one of the Metropolitan's latest sopranos.

The second novelty was Ernest Bloch's violin concerto, played magnificently by Joseph Szigeti at the Boston Symphony's most recent Thursday evening in town. The concerto is somewhat uneven in interest, although Mr. Bloch's mastery and sincerity are always evident. Serge Koussevitzky's orchestral collaboration was brilliant.

APPARENTLY a special Tchaikovsky season is under way, this being the centenary of his birth. Igor Stravinsky, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, revived Tchaikovsky's second symphony, a work that isn't likely to displace its more celebrated successors but is worth a hearing. The Sunday-night WPA Music Project Tchaikovsky series, presented at the Center Theatre and sponsored by the Mayor, is a sound round of music, and it has been a box-office triumph, like the Wagner cycle that preceded it.

PIANISTS: Last week brought back Serge Rachmaninoff, playing Beethoven's C-major concerto delightfully with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and —at a Town Hall Endowment Series concert—Josef Lhevinne, who showed many of the young folks how the piano ought to be played. Creighton Allen rates more than these few words for his devotion and skill in playing all four MacDowell piano sonatas at his Town Hall concert. The two-piano duo of Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe were also welcome arrivals, whose imaginative program included an expert job on music by Cole Porter.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Lovely Shoplifter

AN unhappy ending to "Remember the Night" is rather a surprise. One doesn't expect it. Here we have a story of a beautiful crook caught in the act of stealing a diamond bracelet and of the love that grows in her heart for the handsome prosecuting attorney. The love is mutual, of course, and we are all geared for a quick acquittal and the wedding bells. However, it develops that there is in this lovely shoplifter, staunchly played by the intrepid Barbara Stanwyck, a streak of the spiritual, an aptitude for self-sacrifice not often found in such predatory ladies. The attorney (Fred MacMurray) also has various hidden tendernesses, among them an intense susceptibility to the Christmas spirit. It's late now for Christmas films, but this particular movie must have been held up somehow, for it arrives when we've even had time to reread our bills. It's a thoroughgoing Christmas item, and the yuletide spirit seizes hold of the various characters and brings out the incongruous delicacies in their souls just as we have settled back to the racy picture of the lively crook and the tough lawyer. I suppose the first shift from city-slicker types to rustic family rejoicings ought to prepare us all for anything that might turn up. To see Beulah Bondi as the gentle and loving mother and to have Sterling Holloway render "A Perfect Day" should pave the way for any shocks. The final adjustment, though, of that saintly love the girl bears for the prosecuting attorney doesn't seem altogether in key with the rest of the film. Why shouldn't such a sensitive shoplifter marry this good, hard-working lawyer? It's odd of her to go and expiate her crimes in jail. She actually insists on the ordeal. I got some hint from the parting of the lovers that she would be glad to take her place as his wife after she had done her time, but it wasn't enough to cheer things up much.

"THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS" has its bright moments. Of course, a good deal of water and a couple of "Topper" films, too, have gone over the dam since the first "Invisible Man" delighted us with its tricks. The sight of a hat or a shoe flickering around in mid-

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air doesn't give us quite the turn it once did, and the camera stunts aren't so novel now as they were at first. Still, the idea is good and funny and weird. In this treatment of the ghostly notion, the funny side isn't played up so much as the potential sinister aspects. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a vile murderer here who has contrived that the blame for his crime be put upon the head of his victim's brother. The brother escapes from the death cell by means of a wonderful chemical which makes him invisible. Vincent Price has the rôle—only at the end does he become visible—and I have a feeling he didn't find the part ideal. However, there's some interest in the more realistic details presented: the invisible man can't wear any clothes, since clothes—naturally or unnaturally, as you like—aren't affected by the drug; a danger that the invisible man might go mad is often discussed, his predicament being so unusual—and I think we all follow that possibility. I myself thought that he might die of pneumonia, as he is running around stripped in the great outdoors while the rest of the people are bundled up for winter weather. To be sure, there is enough violence to keep him moving, and the remarkable devotion of his fiancée must have been invigorating.

"INVISIBLE STRIPES" has nothing to do with invisible men or anything so fancy and nervous, but with men on parole, men definitely to be seen with the naked eye. They still wear the stripes of prison uniform, which, while they can't be seen, are evident enough to prevent the parolees from getting honest jobs. At last the ex-convict who would go straight finds himself back with the gang again. It's no new story on the screen or anywhere else, and in this treatment hasn't a speck of the surprise element. George Raft paces coolly through one of those characterizations which by this time he ought to be able to do in his sleep. There is a usual underworld plot, with Humphrey Bogart as a villain and with Flora Robson alone able to contribute a note of refinement, though under some difficulty.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Answering the census-taker's questions is obligatory by law, the penalty for refusing or neglecting to do so being $100 fine or up to sixty days' imprisonment or both. —*The Herald Tribune, Sunday, January 7th.*

There is no law requiring a person to answer the questions asked by a census-taker.—*The Times, Sunday, January 7th.*

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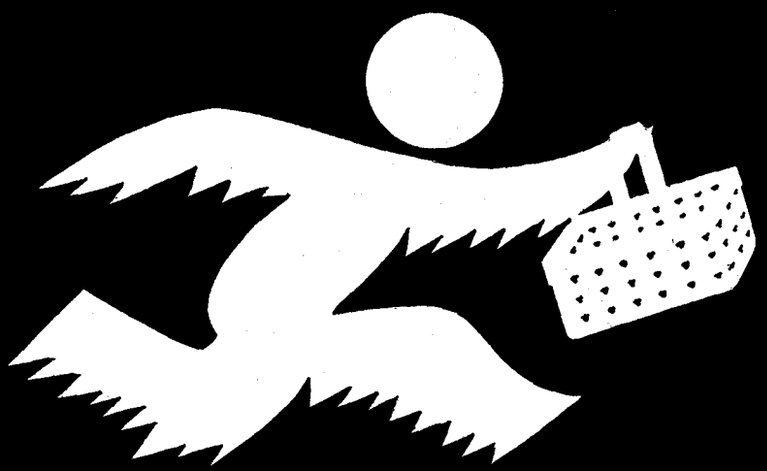

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THE BOOTLEG BABY CARRIAGE

SEVERAL years ago our family moved into an apartment in a remodelled brownstone in the East Sixties. According to our real-estate agent, it was the find of a lifetime. It had two exposures: the Roosevelt town house on the north, and on the south a tall apartment building whose occupants pulled up their bedroom shades for the first time each day as I was getting the children ready for lunch. The street was unusually quiet except from five to six o'clock on winter mornings, when the débutantes were bellowing goodbyes to their young men, and we liked it very much in spite of such small drawbacks as having to walk ten blocks in order to have our shoes inexpensively resoled.

Our neighborhood contacts, however, were very different from those in the free-and-easy Eighties, where we had lived before. Since I had an incurable habit of jamming on any old hat in the closet before I went out to do my errands, it was almost a year before the florist, the dry cleaner, and the proprietor of the lending library would give me more than a distant nod. The druggist was won over by our thumping charge account, but in the A. & P., where I appeared every morning with my children, there was a good deal of confusion. The clerks seemed to be conditioned chiefly to Chihuahuas and elderly ladies; they had no idea of how to deal with grubby hands in the vegetable bins, and they couldn't explain just how the lean gray cat behind the counter fed her young.

There were children in the neighborhood, of course—even a few babies who rode along in their prams looking like small, milk-fed turkeys, gobbling what was probably perfect French or German, but they never appeared in the stores. I didn't realize what rare specimens they must be until I tried to find a place for my own baby carriage.

This was a rather battered wicker stroller which I had bought for five dollars from a college classmate with the stipulation that it should not be delivered until the weather grew too cold for my small son to walk to the Park. When that day came, I planned to keep it in the hallway of our brownstone, pushed out of sight in the dark space under the stair well. The manager of the building soon put me to rights about that when I mentioned my scheme to her.

"Mrs. Foster in the downstairs duplex would never consent to it," she said. "The hallway is common property, even though she always uses the basement entrance."

"I don't see how it could bother her," I said.

"She'll see it going in and out."

I must have looked puzzled at this, for the manager explained, "It's the theory of the thing—a stroller in the hallway!" She shuddered delicately and added, "Mrs. Foster is very sensitive to such things."

I glowered at her and stamped insensitively up my three flights of stairs. The next morning, when my temper was under control, I went to interview the janitor in the house next door, the ground floor of which had been converted into a suite of offices for a doctor. Would there, I asked, be some nook downstairs for my stroller? The janitor thought not. "Doctor is a prominent psychoanalyst," he said proudly. "I'm afraid that the sight of a baby carriage wouldn't have a very good effect on his patients."

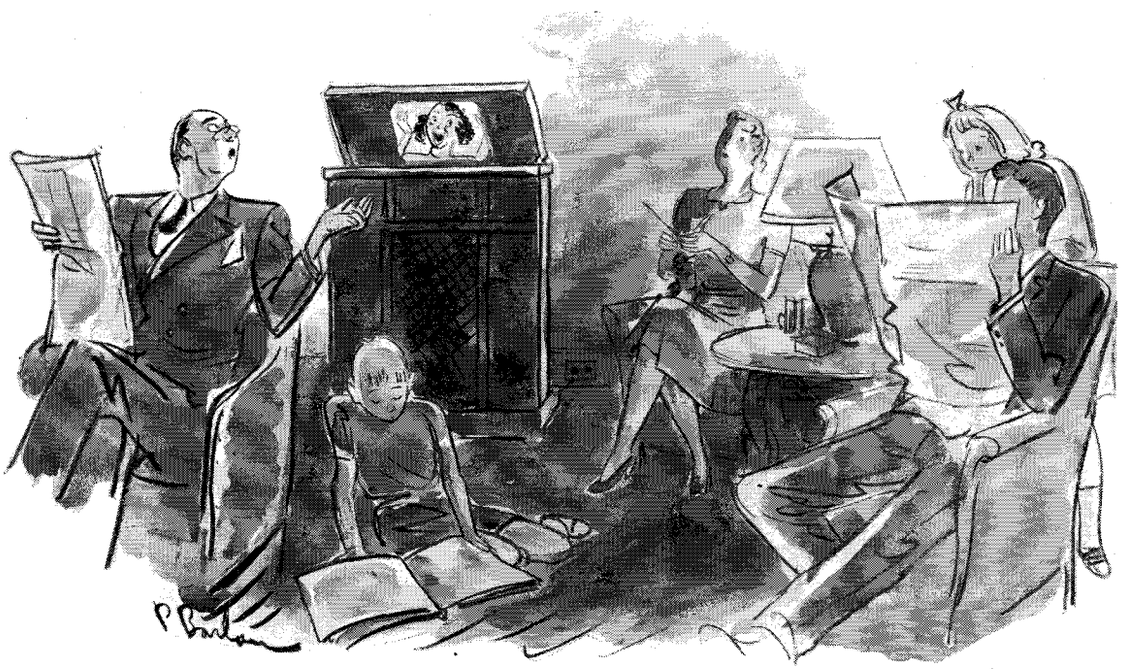
One look at the patient who was at that moment being assisted out of a limousine in front of Doctor's convinced me that the effect on my children might be equally bad. I thanked the janitor and crossed the street to the big apartment house directly opposite. The doorman referred me to the superintendent, who in turn passed me on to Mr. Halsey, the renting agent, a polite young man with an imposing office. He listened to my request, making notes on a pad of yellow paper.

"There is a carriage room in the house," he said, "but we've never had a request before for an—an outsider to use it. I'll have to consult the firm."

He spent the next fifteen minutes at the telephone, repeating to at least five people my husband's name, address, occupation, and bank references, none of which seemed to have the slightest degree of appeal. Finally he hung up. "They're going to ask Mr. Olson, the president," he said. "While we're waiting for him to call us back, perhaps you'd like to look at the carriage room."

We strolled down a corridor to an airy place about thirty feet square, in which were parked two prams, a tricycle, and a very regal version of my own stroller. Since it was a rainy day, it seemed likely that this was the full quota of rolling stock. I looked around, feeling cheered, and said, "There's so much space here, perhaps they'd let me put in a small scooter too. I'm rather tired of lugging it up and down three flights of stairs."

"Umm," said Mr. Halsey. We walked back to his office and made half-hearted conversation until Mr. Olson called back some time later. At the end



"Is anybody looking at that thing?"

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of this talk, Mr. Halsey had the grace to look slightly ashamed. "He tells me it's a matter for the board of directors," he explained. "They'll let you know after the next meeting."

WE parted with a good deal of relief on both sides. I went home and began a three weeks' vigil, during which the thermometer dropped a little more each day and my son complained noisily of cold feet. Finally I received the letter I had been waiting for. The directors regretted that after voting on the matter, they were forced to refuse my request, which was unusual, to say the least. They hoped I would not think that it was a personal matter or that the amount of rental I had suggested was inadequate. They merely felt that the admission of a stroller belonging to an outsider might establish a precedent, which would be unwise.

After considering the letter for several minutes, I tore it up and crossed the street once more. This time I avoided both the canopied entrance of the apartment house and the little door leading into Mr. Halsey's office. I made my way along the side of the building to a short ramp, descended a flight of stairs, and went through a series of damp, dark rooms in which were boilers, asbestos-covered pipes, laundry tubs, and other paraphernalia. After a while I came across a pleasant man in overalls, who was seated on a rickety chair reading back copies of *Fortune*. We chatted for a while, touching confidentially on the foibles of real-estate companies and the difficulties of bringing up children in the city. Then I left him with a ten-dollar bill and the promise of some extra clothes for his youngest, aged two.

I meet him every day now at the top of the ramp. He is waiting there with my stroller, which he has wheeled up from its corner of the boiler room. After tucking a blanket around my son's legs and shaking hands with my daughter, he waves goodbye and we start off in the direction of Central Park, ignoring the doorman's outraged stare. Sometimes we meet Mr. Halsey, who on sunny afternoons likes to smoke a cigarette outside his office, but he is always careful to look the other way. The directors, apparently, have all gone to Florida for the winter.

—ANGELICA GIBBS

•

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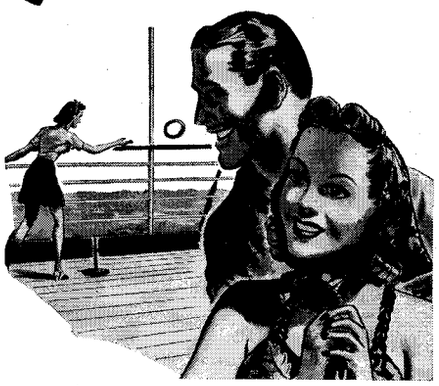

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THE TIME I RAN AWAY

WHEN I was twelve years old, I ran away from home. My flight took me from Akron, Ohio, to New York. Twenty years have obscured a good many details that I should now like to remember, but the outline of the adventure is still clear in my mind. I don't know exactly why I did it. I had had some trouble with the authorities at school, and consequently with my parents. I considered suicide quite seriously for a time, but rejected it in favor of running away to New York as being less final for me and equally certain to make my parents sorry.

I decided to be a movie actress, not because I was a particularly stage-struck child but because it seemed to me that the moving pictures provided the opening in which my immature years and incomplete education would offer the least handicap.

Getting away was a matter that took some planning. I secreted my father's smallest suitcase in the back of my bedroom closet and began my packing several weeks in advance with such objects as were least likely to be missed —a cake of soap, a washcloth, and my photograph album. A little girl named Ethel, who lived down the street, was to go along. When the day came and she failed me I was not especially surprised. Planning with her, though, had buoyed me up.

Financing the expedition was the major problem. Two or three times I hung around my father's office when he was opening the safe, in the hope of learning the combination and getting out my Liberty Bond. Observation convinced me that such a project was hopeless, so I tried to pawn my lavaliere. The pawnbroker wouldn't even value it—just looked at me and said I was too young. After that I drifted along and hoped something would turn up. Sure enough, a few days later it did. I found a twenty-dollar bill in my mother's purse and took it. I left a note in its place telling my mother to sell my Liberty Bond and reimburse herself from the proceeds, and I decided to leave the next day. I hunted up Ethel, but soon found she was much too scared to go. Undaunted, I hid the suitcase under a neighbor's back porch, so that I could depart in the morning unencumbered and ostensibly on my way to school. I didn't sleep very well that night, but in the morning, when I actually started, I was elated. I left my new muff-and-scarf set at home with regret; it wasn't cricket to take along your Christmas presents when you were running away from home forever.

My plan for leaving town unnoticed was to take the interurban trolley to one of the nearby towns—I don't remember whether it was Ravenna, Canton, Mogadore, or some other—and the train for New York from there. I had enough money to buy the interurban ticket without breaking the twenty. The plan worked perfectly. When I reached the town, the railway station was deserted except for the agent in the ticket office. I asked him when the next train for New York was due, and he told me; there was a train for New York coming through in half an hour. What happened next, of course, is the strangest and least credible part of the story, but it happened exactly so: he sold me a ticket without asking a single question, and I sat in the station swinging my feet and waiting until the train came and he flagged it and had me let on. Two or three days later, when I was safe home again and my parents were retracing the path of my wanderings, the agent remembered perfectly every detail of what we had said and done.

I GOT into a day coach and sat looking out of the window. I had an old movie magazine with me and occasionally read it, but only as a point of departure for imagining interviews with me it would publish about four years later, when I should be sixteen and beautiful, like Mary Miles Minter. Sometimes I imagined myself walking along Balch Street in Akron in gorgeous clothes and encountering my little brother playing in our front yard. I had changed and grown up in my reveries, but he remained four years old. I stopped and talked to him, first condescendingly, then tenderly, but no matter how I twisted them about, dreams of this sort proved painful, and after a while I dropped them in favor of the movie-magazine interviews.

It must have been a very slow train, for I got on it before noon and it did not reach New York until the next morning. Some people shared a box lunch with me, and when I grew very sleepy I consulted the conductor about the price of an upper berth and found I still had money enough to pay for it. Big girl that I was, I had never learned to comb my own hair, and in the morning the braids were a problem. I did the best I could with them and prepared to face the great adventure. Because we had once lived in Elizabeth, I got off there when I found the train made that stop. I had breakfast in the Elizabeth station and wandered unhappily around town. Nothing looked familiar. I went back to the station and took a local train into New York, thus, quite without any foresight on my part, avoiding the detectives who, because of wires from home, were watching for me on every incoming train from Akron.

Arrived in the New York station, I faced the fact that I knew much more about how to give an interview to a movie magazine once I had become a star than I did about the first step toward becoming one. Before I started looking for a job, I tried to buy an Akron *Beacon-Journal* to see if it said anything about me, but the closest I could come to it was a Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which carried no Akron news. This depressed me, and so I found a telephone book and looked up moving-picture companies. There weren't any listed under "M." I then tried the names of movie stars I had heard of and finally found Douglas Fairbanks'. I hadn't any idea how to get to the address given, but I thought if I rode downtown, I could walk around and look until I saw how the streets went. I lugged my suitcase into a subway and got on a train. I didn't like it at all. It went so fast and the tunnel was so dark I couldn't form any idea of New York or get any closer to finding Mr. Fairbanks. When we came into the stations it wasn't much better—just lights and numbers and bewildering names. Two or three times I emerged, but what I found above ground was so much worse than the subway that I was driven back into its comparative familiarity. Finally I rode to the end of the line and came out at the Battery. I didn't know what it was, but I saw a sign about a boat that went to the Statue of Liberty. That at least offered something definite to do, so I bought a round-trip ticket and got on the boat. It was January, and there wasn't much of a crowd. I sat on my suitcase and cried a little; a young woman whispered about me to the man she was with, and they looked at me curiously but didn't speak. I thought about suicide again, even more seriously. I quite made up my mind to it, but decided to wait until the return trip, after I had seen the Statue

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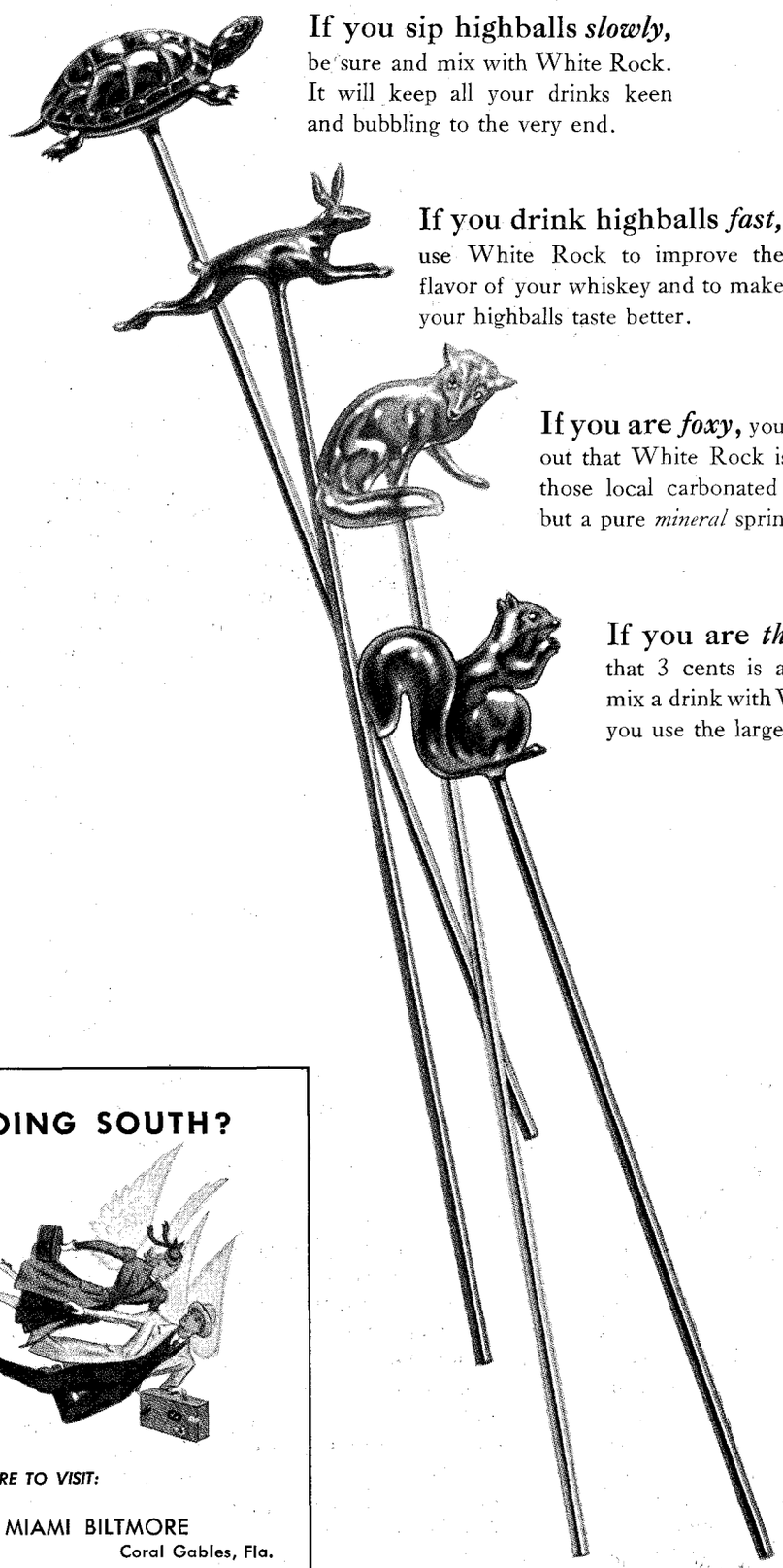

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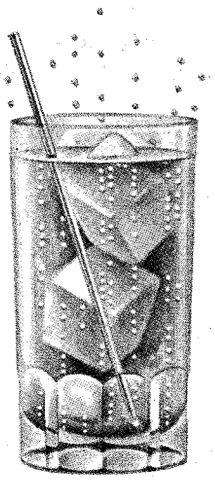

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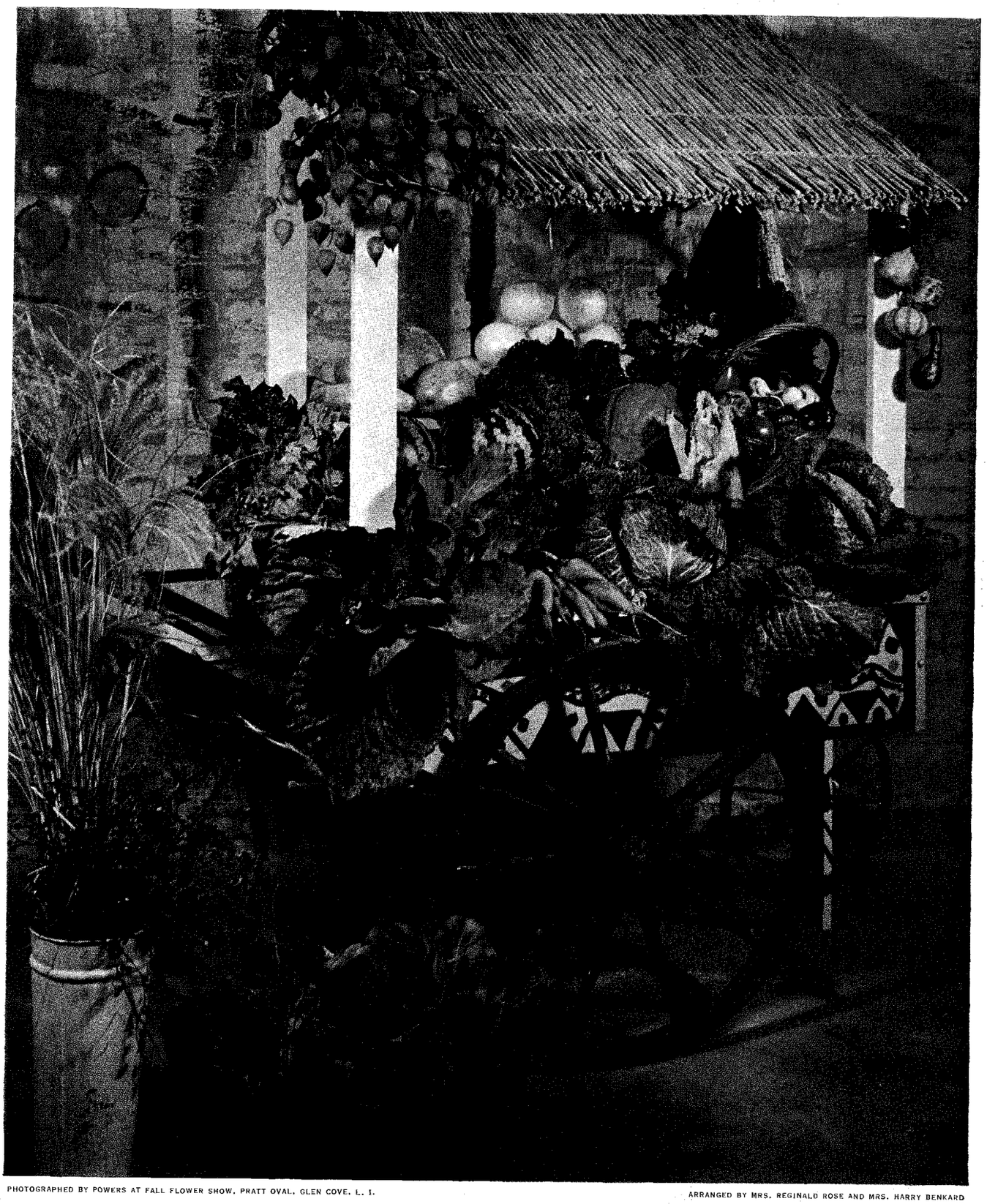

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of Liberty. On the island I had a hot dog. I left my suitcase with the girl at the souvenir counter and, because the elevator was out of order, walked all the way to the head of the statue. The staircase that went up inside the arm was closed for repairs, but I did look out of the windows in Liberty's crown.

I missed the boat I meant to take back and had to wait an hour. By the time I got on the steamer it was dusk, and the water was so green and cold-looking I couldn't jump, although I was thoroughly miserable and resolved.

I didn't go in the subway again but took my suitcase and wandered up the streets, where I could see what was what. I saw a sign that said "Beds 25 Cents a Night," but the house looked so dirty I didn't want to go in. Later, when it was altogether dark, I tried to find the place again, but I couldn't. Instead I found a telegraph office, and suddenly my future course became perfectly clear and simple. I went in and sent a telegram to my father that concluded, "Can I come home?" I told the man I wanted to wait for an answer and he said his office was closing in ten minutes, but he explained how I could get to the nearest large one that would be open all night. His sending me out alone like that made my father madder than anything else that happened to me in New York. I found the office he directed me to all right and sat down to wait. It was a long, long wait—most of the night, it seemed to me. But there was a place to sit, and it was warm and light, and I wouldn't have thought of budging. Long after I was sure that my family had cast me off forever, a worried-looking man with a telegram in his hand came over and asked if my name was Anna Mary Wells. When I said yes, he named three men who lived in New York and asked if I knew them. They were business friends of my father's who had been at our house in Akron, and I didn't want to see them, but I admitted I did know them. He told me he had a telegram instructing him to keep me at the office until these gentlemen came for me, so I sat and waited some more. When they came, they had with them my aunt, who had hurried down from a New England college to help find me. I ran to her and she said, "Oh, Anna Mary, your hair!," at which intimate comment the office manager looked relieved.

My aunt took me to a hotel. We went up a fabulous number of stories in an elevator and into an elegant room,

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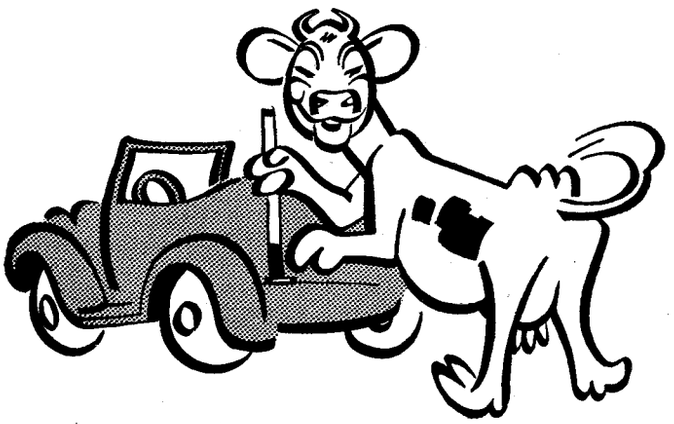

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where a hot supper was brought in, under enormous silver covers, on little tables with wheels. I slept in the softest, most luxurious bed in the world, and the next day we rode on top of a bus to Best's to buy new shoes. Now and again it occurred to my aunt that all this luxury might go to my head, and she lectured me. It didn't worry me, but I couldn't explain to her how I felt. No one, the day before, had offered to harm me; no one had even spoken to me, but I had seen the difference between the face New York turns to a well-chaperoned little girl on top of a bus and the one it turns to a social outcast. No one who had seen that difference, I knew, would ever voluntarily cross to the wrong side again.

BACK in Akron, it took me some years to live the disgrace down. Even after I got into high school, some of the girls weren't allowed to associate with me. They were the ones who always managed to sit next to me in sewing class and get me to tell all about it. I had to elaborate a good deal to satisfy them, though, which is one reason I have forgotten so much about how it really was.

It was five years later that I happened on my mother's box of clippings about the runaway. By that time I considered myself a very sophisticated young lady, but I was astonished to find that the reporters had treated the story facetiously. It had never occurred to me that anyone could have regarded the escapade less seriously than my family and I did. —ANNA MARY WELLS

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF RUNNING WATER DEPT.

[*From "Pan's Wife," by Kathleen Norris, in the Ladies' Home Journal*]

[Lydia] "And there's a hot bath and a bowl of soup and 'Hamlet.' "—*Page 16.*

[Lydia] "And I've got to tub and change."

[Owen] "You do take your baths at the strangest hours!" —*Page 100.*

[Lydia] "An old maid gets into habits, gets certain ways of liking . . . a special bath soap." —*Page 100.*

Lydia was reckless with scented soaps and bath powders now. —*Page 102.*

. . . Lydia said as she began to prepare for a bath. —*Page 106.*

[Owen] "I got into Los Angeles about ten and had a bath." —*Page 107.*

For Lydia had gone into the bathroom and had turned on the bath water.

Lydia took her bath. —*Page 108.*

After a hot bath and breakfast she felt better, in spite of herself. —*Page 111.*

"Shall I take George and give him his bath, Mrs. Tressady?" she asked.

"Oh, if you will, Margaret," Lydia said. "I'll take a bath, too." —*Page 118.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Annual—Two Loan Shows

I SUPPOSE it's a mistake to try to draw too many conclusions from the Whitney annuals, particularly about that pressing problem of whither American art is tending and why. A year is a short time compared with the slow flow of the artistic process, and such variations as may appear in the complexion of the successive shows are as likely to be the result of the accidents of selection—or at most merely evidence that some of the artists had a good summer painting and some others didn't—as they are to be proof that this or that school or theory is in the ascendancy, or that American art has now definitely turned the corner.

Yet one always tries, and though I mean to keep to a minimum of theorizing about the present Whitney show (it's bigger than ever, since this year, for the first time, paintings, sculpture, water colors, and black-and-whites have been combined in one comprehensive exhibit), there are a few scattered comments on trends and tendencies that I can't help making. Most of them, I'm happy to say, are favorable. For one thing, sectionalism, that virus as poisonous artistically as states' rights and cigarette taxes are politically, seems to be definitely on the wane. To clinch this, let me cite the fact that a Kansas artist and an Easterner, John Steuart Curry and Nicolai Cikovsky, respectively, have both tackled the John Brown legend—neither of them very brilliantly, it's true, but it shows that artists' horizons are widening. The Benton landscape called "Autumn," and quite a good one it is, too, might have been painted anywhere from Cape Cod to California.

Throughout the painting section, there's a tendency toward experiment, and a kind of free imaginative vitality, which, though it isn't uniformly successful, seemed to me to be highly encouraging. You'll find signs of this in all categories, from still lifes, which range from a startlingly Soutinesque fantasy by Benjamin Kopman to a tight little textural tour de force by Katherine Schmidt, right on through to city genre, of which such pieces as Philip Evergood's "Lily and the Sparrows" and Louis Ribak's "The Shadow Boxers" bring new treatment and fresh observation to a field that has shown signs in the past few years of degenerating into a stereotyped round of tenement-porch groups, pushcart markets, and under-the-"L" scenes.

An even more interesting development, I think, is the surprising advances, both in technical assurance and in clarity of expression, the American surrealists have made. I've long felt that surrealism had formal values quite distinct from its controversial elements and that in dismissing it as a mere matter of cockeyed dream psychology, and a "foreign" one to boot, artists here, and critics as well, were overlooking the opportunities the technique offered for compact commentary and dramatic emphasis. Now, in such canvases as O. Louis Guglielmi's "The Tenements" and Robert Gwathmey's "Urban Landscape," we are shown how crisply and with what sure effect the method can be applied to native subjects. The "dream" in these cases is a managed one, and less an affair of subconscious symbolism than a simple extension of the original visual concept into its metaphorical relations. In Guglielmi's canvas, for example, the block of tenement houses stands pale and cold as a tombstone, with a dried wreath hung over one cornice and a collection of coffin-shaped fragments of building material at its base, and the idea is perhaps oversimplified for its best expression. But it's along the line of some such simplification, it seems to me, that the movement will ultimately attain its full power.

Peter Blume's "The Eternal City" is shown, looking as calm and complete and with its intricate elements as perfectly integrated as ever. Not all the established painters come off so well. Walt Kuhn, in his "Trio," gives us three clowns this year instead of one, but this largesse doesn't help the quality much. Nearby there's a lively "Clown" by Lucile Blanch—he's performing precariously on the slack wire—which shows much more spirit and vigor in its handling. Kenneth Hayes Miller's "City Street," of a group of women waiting at

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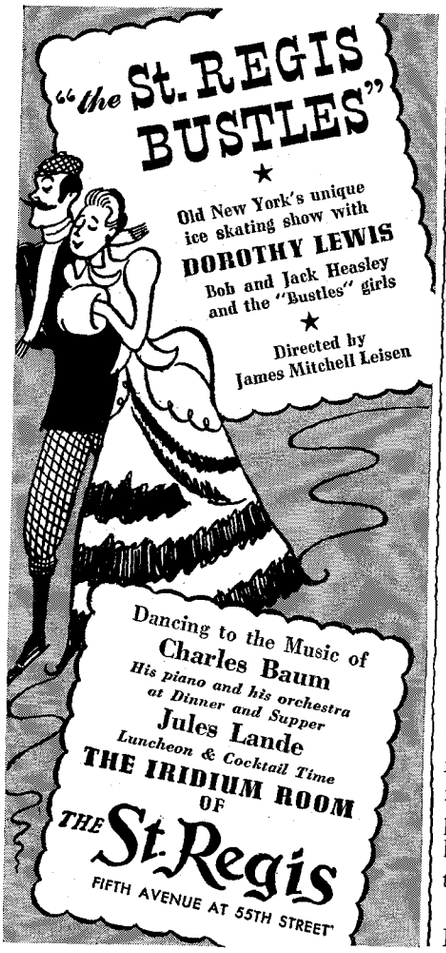

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a bus stop, once again strikes the incongruous note that so many of his paintings do in their grandiose treatment of everyday themes, while Grant Wood's elaboration of the Washington-and-the-cherry-tree legend, called "Parson Weems' Fable," is cleverly amusing but, as far as painting goes, not much more than that.

On the other hand, there's a very effective Edward Hopper, called "Cape Cod Evening," and a desert landscape by John Sloan, "East at Sunset on the Camino," that in spite of a certain monotony in its color pattern has considerable authority. Among the work of the younger painters, Aaron Bohrod's rooftop scene called "Late Afternoon" seemed to me notable, and Francis Criss's "Let's Take This Calmly" provides one of his most brilliant semi-abstractions on city subjects. Of the water colors I liked Millard Sheets' well-designed "Afterglow," and among the black-and-whites Prentiss Taylor's strongly shadowed "Christiansted Plaza."

The show has its faults, to be sure. The sculpture was a definite letdown, with the bad things so far outnumbering the good and the group so crowded that it was almost painful to walk through. The collection is still too heavily weighted with Eastern artists to be truly national in character: of the two hundred and forty-five contributors, no less than one hundred and seventy-five come from New York State alone, while only a handful are from west of the Alleghenies. But I don't want to end by picking flaws. All in all, it's a thoroughly worthy and invigorating showing.

YOU'LL want, too, to see the David and Ingres exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries. This is the loan collection of paintings and drawings that was shown last fall at the Springfield Museum and is to go on from here to Cincinnati; twenty-three oils are included, thirteen of them by David, and some thirty drawings, and because of the range of the loans and the interest of the examples, it's an opportunity distinctly not to be missed. Though he was, after all, the lesser artist of the two, it's David who dominates the show, and a number of paintings in it reveal the fact, now only just beginning to be recognized again, that despite his façade of pure classicism there were times when he could paint warmly and humanly too.

His best things in this vein are his Revolutionary sketches, and of these

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one, of Marat seated at a table, is remarkably sure and rapid in its handling. Several of the portraits—particularly the ruddy and robust "Portrait of M. Desmaisons" and the grim-looking "Portrait of a Woman" *en citoyenne*—have strong character too, and the whole section is an interesting reminder that a man can have capacities quite outside those conventionally assigned to him. Two or three paintings, I might add, of Roman warriors and the like, show us how far into banality he could go in his grander moments. Though, as I've hinted before, the true greatness of Ingres somehow doesn't emerge in the exhibition—the greatness, say, of the Louvre's "Grande Odalisque" and the portraits, and the peculiar welding of classic detachment to realistic observation that was to make his influence felt right down to the present time—one or two things at least suggest it. Note especially the drawings: the infinite purity of detail in "The Gatteaux Family" and the clarity of the "Portrait of Madame Simard." And there's one small oil, a painting of a girl's head called "Study for the Apotheosis of Homer," that in its sculptural poise and serenity is almost the best thing in the collection.

DURLACHER also has a loan show, and one that fits well with the current revival of interest in baroque art, for this features paintings by Alessandro Magnasco, who came just about at the peak of the baroque period. A peak, however, is in some ways a dangerous place to be located, for it implies the possibility of tumbling down on the other side—in this case into the rococo—and at times I feel that Magnasco does just that, slipping down from the sumptuousness and elaborate movement of the earlier period into the mere gaudy vehemence of the later one. The show, though, is carefully selected and, if only because it's the first full-length exhibit of this artist's work ever held in New York, decidedly worth seeing. And in spite of his tendency to fussiness, there's a sweep about some of the sea pieces—such as the "Christ Calling St. Peter" and the two paintings entitled "Landscapes with Figures"—that is truly commanding.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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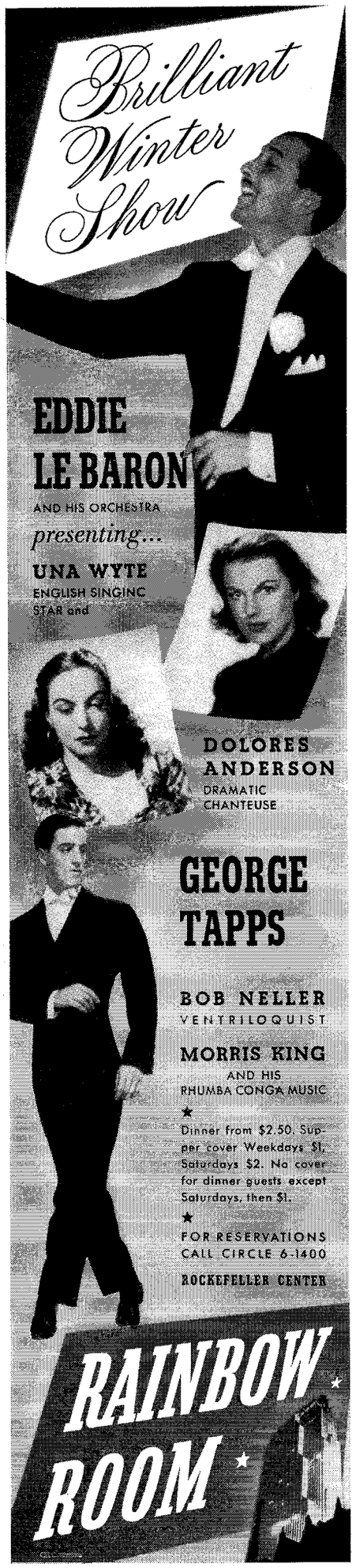

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has been urging Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* on you for years but with little effect. I guess you just haven't been willing to tackle 3,500 pages and the end not even in sight. But the new volume in the series,

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offers a chance you shouldn't miss to become acquainted with one of the great creative efforts of our generation. Already 152,200 copies of VERDUN have been printed against a total of 4,650 of DEATH OF A WORLD, the previous volume. That's the effect of The Book-of-the-Month Club which has sent out VERDUN as its January selection. But VERDUN would hardly have been passed over in any case, I think, for it is probably the greatest novel so far written about the first World War. It is, in my opinion, great by any standard you may wish to apply to it — it is readable, it is beautifully constructed, and superbly written. I do not think any educated man or woman can afford not to read it. The price is $2.50.

Twenty-five years ago this fall I published the first Borzoi Book. So 1940 is a sort of anniversary year. I've prepared a rather interesting catalog of my Spring books. May I send you a copy? — Your request on a postcard will command me.

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BOOKS

Mr. Nathan and Time

POUR *décourager les autres*, let me hasten to say that Robert Nathan's "Portrait of Jennie" is what patronizing reviewers (the cads) call a wistful little fantasy. Being one of the *autres* myself—more the hearty, tweeds-and-*World-Almanac* type of reader—I don't as a rule go for Mr. Nathan's Debussyan delicacies, finding them too light for my coarse stomach. "Portrait of Jennie," however, seems exceptional. The pleasure it gives is mild but satisfying. It tells a touching tale, and tells it well, which is rather more than you can say of nearly all the 800-page historical novels that have come lumbering down the pike of late.

Also, I think I get a special satisfaction out of noting how effectively and unpretentiously Mr. Nathan makes imaginative use of J. W. Dunne's time theories as against J. B. Priestley's recent handling of the same material. Mr. Dunne abolishes the distinction between present and future, and is inclined to believe that under certain circumstances we can precognize what's going to happen. Mr. Nathan gives this notion an eerie twist of his own, combines it with another suprarational idea (that of "elective affinity"), and presents the result in the form of a modern legend, untinctured by metaphysics and free of mystical dross.

It all takes place in and around Central Park, except that the final scene occurs during a hurricane at Provincetown. Mr. Nathan's shadowy hero is a young, struggling painter who, at the lowest point in his fortunes, meets a little girl, Jennie, on the Mall. Jennie is out of time or, rather, like Walter de la Mare's poor Jim Jay in the jingle, she's stuck fast in yesterday. Jennie and Eben, despite the seeming disparity in their ages, conceive a touching affection for each other, and the mysterious girl, materializing at intervals like a ghost from another time-world, inspires Eben to successful creation. In the end Jennie dies, but Mr. Nathan, perhaps only for a minute or two, makes you feel that this death is merely incidental, that nothing can really sunder Eben and the girl to whom "yesterday is just as true as today."

Something of the atmosphere of "Berkeley Square" is here; something of "Outward Bound;" and even more, in a way, of Plato's theory of recollec-

Travel books *can* be gay. And here's one about lands where you can go in spite of the war.

Lands of Delight

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tion, a theory which, in our Western culture, may very well be the starting point for all these troubling speculations on the nature of time. Mr. Nathan doesn't labor any metaphysical notions, but tells his gentle tale as if he expected everyone to credit it without argument. I could do without his whimsically tough cabby, but this seems to me the only "literary" note in "Portrait of Jennie." A small thing and a pure one.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POLONAISE, by Martin Hare. Purports to be a study of divorce and of the effect of a decide-for-yourself-darling education on a sensitive boy, half English and half Polish. Poland, however, is the protagonist of the story—Poland, an idea for which, during the past few centuries, many men have died. You are likely to find the author's account of the lilacs blooming in Warsaw in the spring of 1939 quite heartbreaking.

LUKE'S CIRCUS, by Ruth Manning-Sanders. A cheerful tale of life under the big top during the first quarter of the century. The author makes her acrobats and animal trainers as agreeable as the horses and elephants with which they are associated. Lots of technical details and trade words, for which a glossary is provided.

MRS. TIM OF THE REGIMENT, by D. E. Stevenson. Miss Stevenson has produced a sort of "Diary of a Provincial Lady." It might well have been called the "Diary of an English Army Officer's Wife," for it presents the same brand of warmhearted domestic humor and easily adjusted romantic complications. Pleasant reading, but Miss Delafield has more bite.

GENERAL

THE ALL-AMERICAN FRONT, by Duncan Aikman. The author takes a good look at the Americas to the south and reports on their present and conjecturable relationship to the United States in terms of their own culture, politics, history, and psychology. Wordy in spots, but a sharp and revealing estimate.

THE GREAT NATURALISTS EXPLORE SOUTH AMERICA, by Paul Russell Cutright. South America seems to be on the publishers' minds nowadays. Chronology of the noted naturalists who have worked there, and the histories of thirty varieties of animals, snakes, birds, and insects these scientists have encountered. Absorbing

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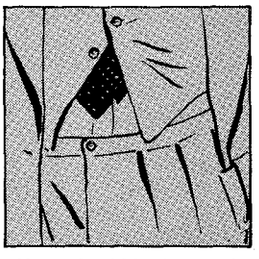

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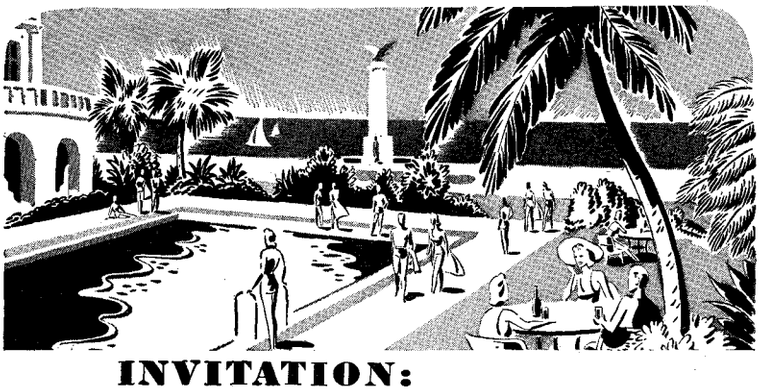

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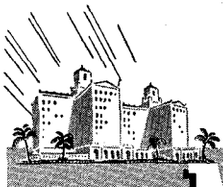

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material, though rather unhandily written. Illustrated.

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA, by Hugh Cabot, M.D. Dr. Cabot of the Mayo Clinic, leader of the "group practice" wing in American medicine, argues that most people in this country do not now receive good medical care. He proposes a tax-supported group system, administered by the United States Public Health Service. An authoritative, clearly reasoned survey.

COMMON SENSE NEUTRALITY, edited by Paul Comly French. A cross section of American neutrality opinion: twenty-five short articles, a few already dated, by such disparate commentators as Ernest T. Weir, John L. Lewis, Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Colonel Lindbergh.

POLITE ESSAYS, by Ezra Pound. Seventeen crackly book reviews and essays, on Dante, Joyce, Eliot, Housman, etc., in Pound's red-pepper, pseudo-colloquial style. Includes the author's famous "How to Read."

SOUTHWARD HO!, by William La Varre. Incidents of fifteen years' treasure-hunting in South America. Vivid travel adventure. Illustrated.

NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS, by Samuel Chamberlain. More than 200 captioned photographs of highly individual "carpenter classic" doorways, including the best of Bulfinch and McIntyre. Lovely stuff.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TIME OFF FOR MURDER, by Zelda Popkin. Phyllis Knight, attorney at law, doesn't show up for lunch at a career women's club, which worries Mary Carner, detective for a Fifth Avenue department store. Grand story of an inexplicable disappearance and murder in the heart of New York, with superb details about the sort of people one meets every day. Recommended with enthusiasm.

THE MAN WITH TWO NAMES, by John Palmer. Jekyll-and-Hyde motif in the tale of Stephen Lawson, alias George Newman. Mr. Lawson is a successful London merchant and Mr. Newman is the dog who heads a ring of international drug peddlers. Thrilling, even if it does miss being hammy by only a hair.

•

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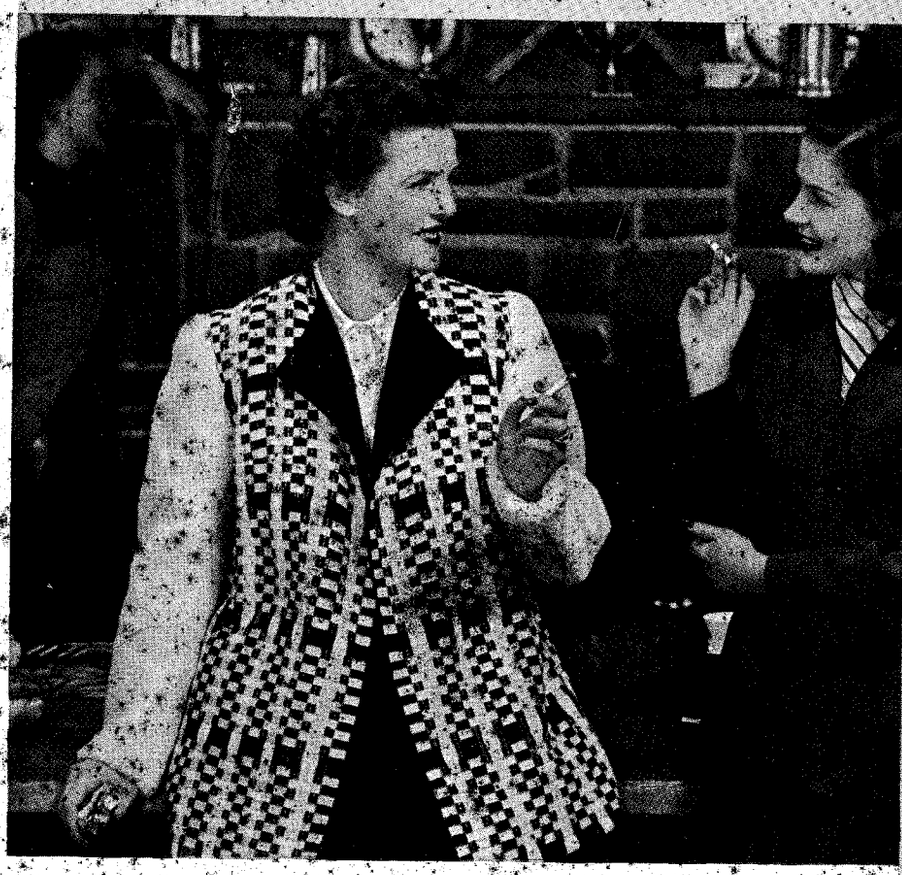

Above, Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin wearing the colorful braided wool jacket. A great lover of winter sports—and *distinctly* an expert—Mrs. McAlpin is a familiar figure in Sun Valley. And in her own New Jersey country home, "Benalpin," she leads an active life year round. Ice-skating, bob-sledding, swimming—she enjoys them all.

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